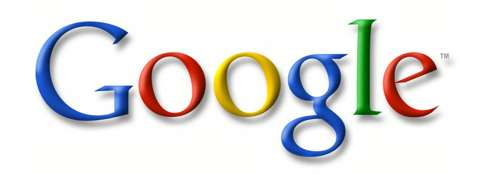


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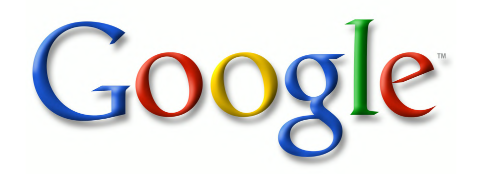
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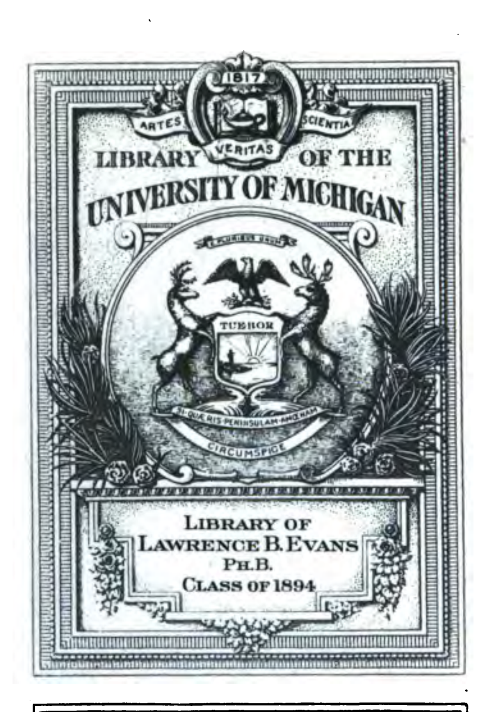
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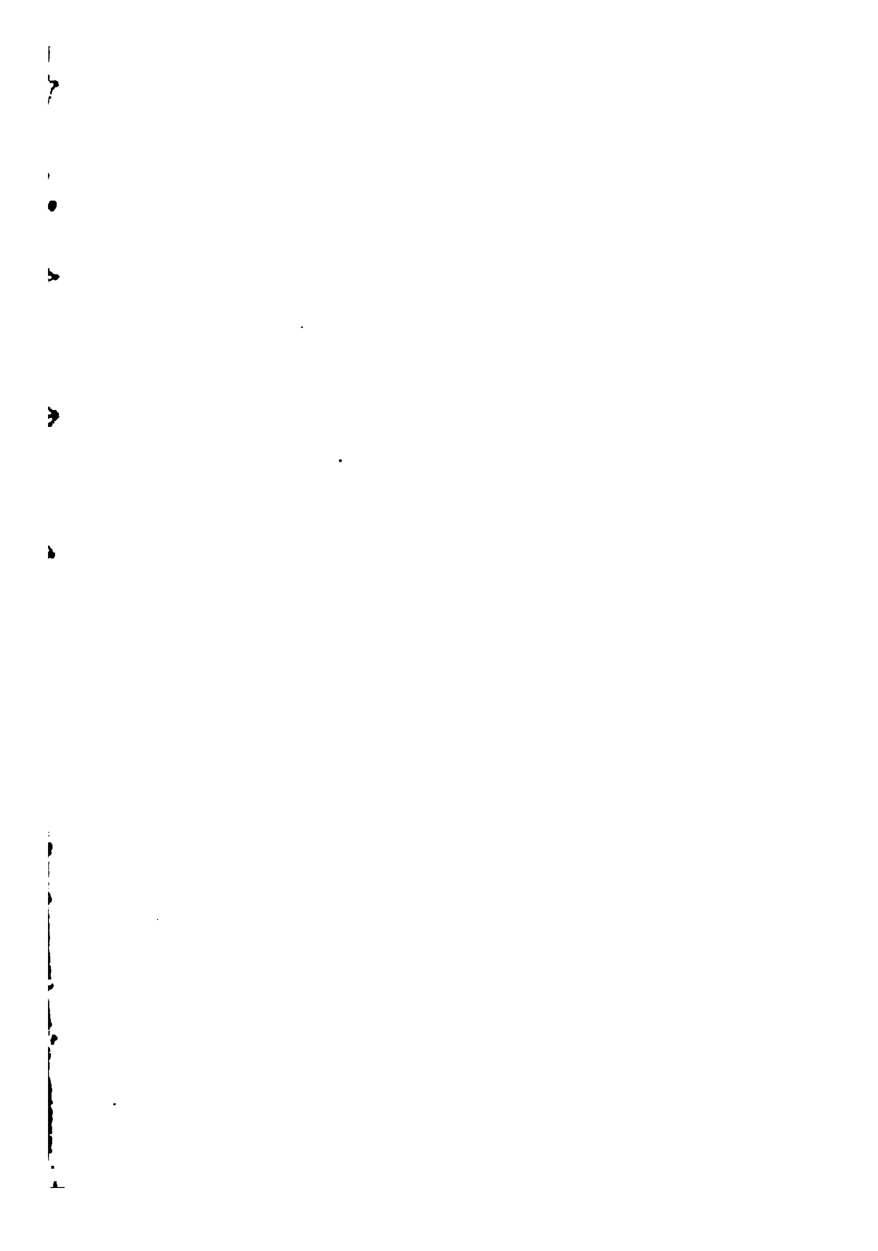
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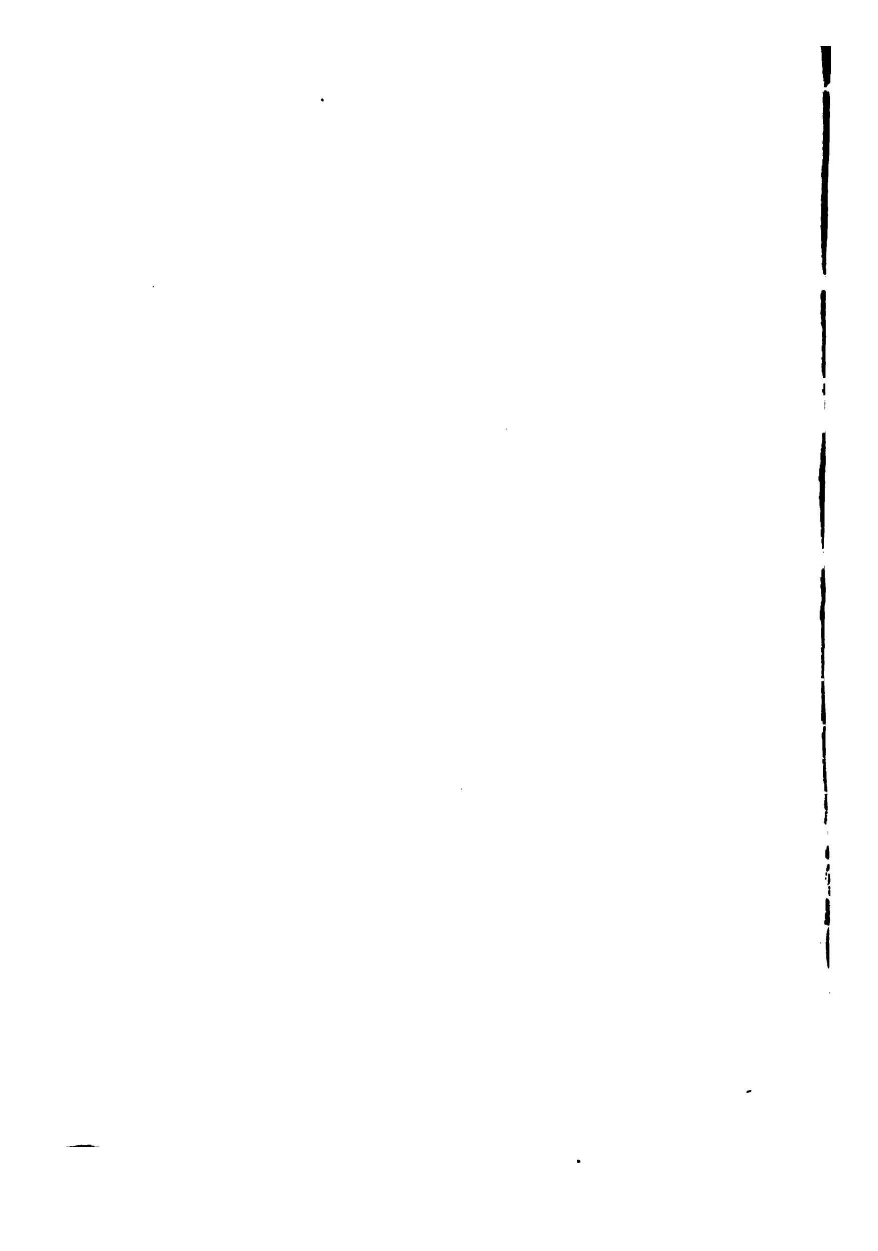
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ANGLO-FRENCH REMINISCENCES

1875—1899

BY

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF

"DOCTOR JACOB," "A STORM-RENT SKY," ETC. ETC.

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ANGLO-FRENCH REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

MY YEAR'S HOSTESS.

A tragedy in a nutshell.—A Breton Nice.—The cat's device.—
A moral inventor.—Clerical intolerance.

EARLY in August 1875 I started with a small portmanteau for Nantes, intending to stay twelve days; the flying visit was turned into a sojourn of as many months. Just a year later I took the same route homeward and, strange to say, I have never revisited a city endeared by so many associations. Since that far-off period a close study of French rural life necessitated journeys in every direction, but my great Nantais friend had removed to Paris, the circle of which I once formed a member was broken up, no longer any tie bound me to the capital of the Loire Inférieure.

It was a season of more than usual heat and splendour. The immortal journey of Zola's pilgrims to Lourdes re-

minds me of that third-class jogging through Brittany in torrid glare. But something else impressed the experience on my memory, one of those tragedies in a nutshell that come under the observance of every traveller.

On the steamer from Southampton to St. Malo was a young French governess returning home for the holidays. She seemed a well-educated, agreeable girl, and as she was taking the same route as myself begged permission to travel with me. After breakfast and a stroll through the town we took our places in the third-class compartment of a "train omnibus," or what at that time in England was called a "parliamentary."

At first all promised well; our fellow-travellers, with one exception, were peasant folk, the mob-capped, blue-bloused, pictorial marketers now so familiar to tourists. Most of them were laden with huge bundles and baskets, and as the third-class French railway was worse, if possible, than it is now, we suffered a good deal from want of air and elbow-room. Apparently unconscious of drawbacks our fellow-travellers fraternised with ourselves and each other, my companion, however, soon becoming oblivious of everything but romance or rather adventure.

Just as the train was about to move a young man had flung himself into our compartment, unfortunately showing a vacant place. The new-comer carried a large portfolio, and there was no need for a syllable by way of self-introduction! Three things were plain. He was

an ill-bred American, he was an artist by profession, and his social medium was Bohemia.

Good-naturedly enough he at once opened his portfolio for the benefit of the company in general, and his more than sympathetic *vis-à-vis*, the little governess, in particular. Whilst the country people with mouths agape uttered artless compliments, the pair of lovers, for they had become that at first sight, interchanged suggestive words and glances.

As we journeyed on I thought it high time to fulfil the obligations of seniority. By every means in my power I endeavoured to lead this chance-found acquaintance from the precipice towards which she was speeding with smile so radiant, heart so light! In an undertone I told her what she ought to do, namely, at Rennes leave this hanger-on and accompany me to another carriage. As well try the effect of reasoning on a moth whirling round lighted candle! No sooner did our train come to a stand than the pair nimbly stepped out. Fondly and unceremoniously as betrothed lovers, the girl not so much as vouchsafing a look at her former companion and would-be protectress, they vanished, who can doubt it? into the limbo of shame and poverty. Not one of the least rememberable experience of travel is such tragedy in a nutshell, the life-story thus read as we run.

These reminiscences are of men and women, not of

sites and scenes; they form a record of social intercourse, no collection of travellers' tales. I will, therefore, only preface each section by a few descriptive lines, framing the picture, giving a background to my series of portraits.

Every French town has its distinctive physiognomy, and Nantes offers a singular front to the stranger. As the train steams through the city a suggestive *coup d'œil* bursts upon the vision. Triform of aspect, the tripartite importance of Nantes, seaport, industrial centre, and brilliant capital, is at once realised.

To our left are quays crowded with shipping of all nations, alongside runs our railway, that great line connecting Paris with Brest, over against these rise the old Nantes and the new; the gloomy old mansions facing the railway and river now abandoned for new splendid quarters farther back, here white villas gleaming amid foliage, there a cluster of factory chimneys suggesting the rest. All Nantes is focussed for us at a glance.

Yet not quite all. The great geographer, M. Réclus, tells us that France possesses seven distinct climates, that of the Breton to my thinking, and I have tried each, bears the palm. But our train as it glides into the station gives no hint of this characteristic. Oleanders and pomegranate trees in tubs adorn every *café* throughout France. Here they are at home. At Nantes camellias and other tropical plants bloom out of doors all the year

round, and the Jardin des Plantes possesses the finest avenue of magnolias in Europe. Wintry weather consists of wind and rain, and summer is tempered by cool grey days. Whilst we could boil an egg or grill a chop in the sun at Rouen or Clermont Ferrand, the Nantais perhaps enjoy clouds and an umbrella.

Another feature revealed on further acquaintance puts us in mind of Venice. The city plays hide-and-seek with five rivers, and ought to be called the City of Bridges; you cross a bridge at every turn, and when an inundation of the Loire happens, which is pretty often, the streets become alive with boats. Folks pursue their business or pleasure after Venetian method.

One good letter of introduction like the cat's expedient in La Fontaine's fable, is sufficient. Dozens could not further serve us. Thus was it with me now. I had brought credentials to the widow of a man whose name is still adored throughout the length and breadth of Brittany. Half-a-dozen words to Madame Guépin from a fellow-Breton, fellow-student, and close friend of the late Prefect of the Loire Inférieure, opened all desirable doors.

Further on I will say something of Dr. Ange Guépin, celebrated oculist, social reformer, and member of the small group known as the Republicans of '30. No less striking a personality, perhaps exercising stronger influence alike political, social, and intellectual, was his

wife. Just ten years ago her funeral became the occasion of a vast Protestant demonstration, as that of her husband had showed the strength of non-sectarianism in France fifteen years before. The career of both now belongs to history.

Madame Guépin was already past middle age when I made her acquaintance; perhaps at no time of life could that grand figure have more impressed a stranger. She was tall and admirably proportioned, the nightmare of her countrywomen, embonpoint, having passed her by. Equally free was she from the French sprightliness of gesture so often carried to exaggeration. Every movement, every attitude, every sentence, were characterised by a dignity amounting to stateliness. Her carriage was so remarkable that passers-by turned round to look at her in the street. She spoke her native language with the purity, precision and copiousness recorded of Madame Roland, her passion for justice and France being no less worthy of the great Girondine. Nor had domestic sorrows and impersonal anxieties subdued in her a delightful sense of humour. Brimful of human sympathy, imbued with sentiments of pity and benevolence, stricken in her affections, the tragic side of life had not dulled her to its all-saving, ineffable comedy.

Instructed Frenchwomen are generally well acquainted with their own literature, but Madame Guépin's attain-

ments were wholly out of the ordinary way. Her married life had been an education in itself. Michelet, Henri Martin, Jules Simon, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Emile Souvestre, the Coquerels, of such were her husband's friends. The *élite* of Liberal intellect and principle rallied round the Breton savant and his wife. From the shining world of fashion and compromise the pair held aloof. The austere Republicanism and overt heterodoxy of the one, the staunch Protestantism and transparent unworldliness of the other, stood between them and court, church, and society so-called. Disregarding much that is generally held as the highest earthly good, they lived their own lives, lives of splendid philanthropy and devotion to the loftiest ideals.

If to Madame Guépin marriage had proved an education, the same might be said by others of her friendship. From that liberally stored mind and apt memory her English friend gained precious insight into French literature and political life. Much she had read, deeply had she pondered, above all, freely had she interchanged ideas with an intellect matching her own. Her historical knowledge was detailed and accurate, and never was she more inspiring and illustrative than on the subject of Breton lore and legend, ancient Gaul and its spirit, or that great drama of which Coligny was protagonist. The Iliad and Odyssey of French Protestantism,

D'Aubigné's History, Duplessis-Mornay's Memoirs, she had almost by heart. A born narrator, bringing to entire command of language, exquisite elocution and profound human sympathy, her version of historic episodes would off-times melt to tears. How movingly could she tell the story of Eponine, the Gaulish wife, so passionate to love, so strong to suffer! How would she thrill her listeners with the adventures of Jacqueline de Montbel, the noble Savoyarde who sacrificed life, liberty, honour, for love of the great Huguenot Admiral!

A commanding presence, a generous nature, a richly-cultivated mind, are not so rare among Frenchwomen as to entitle the possessor to a biography. But Madame Guépin was what the late Cotter Morrison would have styled a moral inventor. She struck out a new line for herself, and her work will live when her name is forgotten.

In his encyclopædic geography M. Réclus accredits Bordeaux with the first technical school opened in France for girls. This is an error. Already the initiative had been taken by Madame Guépin and her husband. When I arrived at Nantes I found her "École Professionelle de jeunes filles" in full working order. Five years later, twenty-six similar institutions had been opened elsewhere. In 1883 the number had risen to four hundred. At the present time no town of any importance is without its technical schools for both

sexes, the classes being gratuitous, the teachers non-sectarian, and the cost being shared by state and municipality.

Here it must be noted that no Catholic woman, no matter her wealth, position, or philanthropic aspirations, could thus have initiated a social movement, nor indeed could she dream of doing so now. Her charities, her philanthropies, her reforms, must all obtain clerical sanction. And where reason has finally asserted itself, where religious duty has become mere social gloss, the trammels are still submitted to, the embargo is not shaken off. Many a Frenchwoman have I known who but for her Catholicism might play the part of an Elizabeth Fry, a Mary Carpenter, or a Mrs. Booth. Instead the Church sends her to Lourdes, thus countenancing pretended miracles and patronising superstitions not to be outdone in Darkest Africa. Madame Guépin had been educated in England, there embracing at the same time Protestantism and democratic notions. Easy to conceive what a thorn in the side of Church and Imperialism were both wife and husband! The first, a propagandist of spiritual freedom, and sexual equality; the second, an openly-declared Republican and Socialist. But the pair were hemmed round by popular devotion, as is Tolstoi in our day by the homage of Europe. The clergy might thunder anathemas at Madame Guépin's technical school and threaten to excommunicate the pupils. The de-

lators and *sbirri* of Napoleon the Third might cast sheep's eyes on the great doctor in 1851. Not even a De Morny or a St. Arnaud dared to spot Guépin of Nantes for Cayenne!

CHAPTER II.

A PORTRAIT-GALLERY.

French savants at play.—"Chaste comme Diane."—"Emmeline, Emmeline!"—Feminine intrepidity.—A reminiscence of the siege.

My primary object in visiting Nantes had been to take part in the proceedings of the French Association for the advancement of science. In honour of the event the town was beflagged, garlanded, illuminated, made musical for an entire week. Learning and gaiety went hand in hand, regattas, horse-races, balloon ascents, fire-works, and alas! pigeon-matches, alternating with the business of the learned. Nor must the democratic character of such a Congress in France be overlooked. The great theatre was thrown open gratuitously, thousands of workpeople enjoying "Le médecin malgré lui," thus generously performed for their benefit by the company of the Odéon.

And all the time, whilst the nineteenth century spirit was crowding Nantais hotels, a mediæval revival was emptying Breton villages. During this very week an enormous pilgrimage to Lourdes passed through the town. Piquant and most pathetic contrast! Here an

artisan delighting in Molière's masterpiece or in a *résumé* of Polar exploration, there his neighbour of the field, or rather his neighbour's wife, counting on Notre Dame de la Grotte to straighten her humpbacked child, or cure the family horse of glanders!

The gala over I accepted Madame Guépin's invitation to consider her home as my *pied à terre* in Brittany. With the exception of short tours and visits, the next twelve months were spent under her roof. Our social circle made a pleasant picture-gallery.

For one member a cover was always laid in the handsome flat of the Place Cambronne. Mdlle. Huberte, thus will I designate her, was a woman after my hostess's own heart, and her second self in so far as the Technical School for girls was concerned. Directress of this Institution now possessing a Government charter, and endowed by municipal liberality, Mdlle. Huberte was one of those fortunate persons who had found what the French call her *assiette,* in other words, her vocation. Deliberate in all her movements, the very impersonation of method, born to command, "Mdlle. Huberte is perfect," would say her friend and patroness, adding by way of climax, and *"chaste comme Diane!"* It seemed an odd compliment to pay a well-educated lady, at least thirty-five years of age, and holding a responsible position; but scoff as we may in our insular arrogance, nowhere is Diana more sedulously

worshipped than throughout the length and breadth of France.

Mdlle. Huberte's pronounced allegiance to her pet divinity sometimes provoked a smile. We kept early hours in the Place Cambronne and she lived but a stone's-throw off; yet at half-past nine to the minute a giggling young maid would always fetch her mistress when she dined with us.

Upon one occasion an elderly bibliophile, a common friend of Madame Guépin and her directress, had joined our party.

"Can I have the honour of seeing you home, mademoiselle?" unwarily asked the friendly and I may add, austere sexagenarian.

Mdlle. Huberte's attitude changed at once from cold affability to extreme haughtiness. She drew herself up, her dark, handsome eyes shot indignant glances, her lips curled.

"My maid awaits me, thank-you, monsieur," was the terribly chilling reply.

But it was on the sea-shore that Diana's arch votary set an example to her sex. Coquetry reaches its acme in the bathing costume. Before starting for Pornic or Prefailles, Frenchwomen procure the smartest, daintiest caps, tunics, and trousers for their *promenades en mer,* or sea-bathing. Nor are their husbands, brothers, or *fiancés* less attentive to decorum and appearance upon

these occasions. As one group after another emerges from the dressing-cabin or tent, the beach presents a motley appearance. Without violating the rules of propriety alike old and young present a singularly undressed appearance.

Not for a moment would Mdlle. Huberte give in to such fashion. Enveloped from head to foot in a waterproof she walked towards the waves, only casting off the cloak at the last moment, her maid waiting to re-adjust it when the dip was over.

That elderly savant! His memory too evokes a smile. M. D—— was a Vendean gentleman who had unfortunately married the wrong person. Husband and wife were not divorced, only judicially separated, and strange to say, continued to live in the same little country town. How the rupture came about I have forgotten, most likely the lady's confessor was at the bottom of it. With the ordinary run of Frenchwomen madame was orthodox, at least in outward observances, and with the vast majority of Frenchmen monsieur followed what is called "la religion de Voltaire," and as experience teaches us, an excellent religion too. Be this as it may, the estimable although perhaps crotchety bookworm now hankered after a reconciliation. The matter was hemmed round by difficulties. Whenever he quitted Nantes recommenced the most whimsical game of hide and seek imaginable.

Madame had taken refuge in one of those numerous boarding-houses kept for unprotected women by nuns, devotion and a rattling ready-money trade going hand in hand. No lady of independent means walks out unaccompanied in provincial France, the thing is not to be thought of, hence monsieur's dilemma. The summer-house in which he pursued his bibliographical and historical researches, commanded the suburban high-road. No sooner did he catch a glimpse of his former love than folio and note-book were thrown aside, away he ran, not unfrequently pursuing the obdurate fair, as Georgian poets would have called her, in dressing-gown and slippers.

But vainly his thin pipy pleading voice reiterated her name.

"Emmeline, Emmeline!"

The lady never looked back or affected to hear, without apparently quickening her pace, yet contriving to keep ahead, she walked on, nun or lay duenna at her side.

And month after month, year after year, this parody of "the god pursuing, the maiden hid," would be repeated.

"Emmeline, Emmeline!" folks would hear as they passed by. The uninitiated might politely acquaint madame that monsieur was calling her. To no purpose! The prosaic figure in bonnet and shawl hurried forward,

the baffled but not hopelessly discouraged bibliophile returned to his summer-house and his studies. M. D.'s knowledge in certain restricted fields was inexhaustible. He could tell how many editions of "Le Songe de Polyphile" existed, and at what price each had been purchased, could state the loss to erudition caused by Paul-Louis Courier's celebrated blot of ink in the Florentine Library and the size, pattern and material of Robespierre's coat-buttons. Twenty-five years ago he was a great authority, perhaps the greatest living, on certain biographical aspects of the Revolution.

Another familiar and homelier figure at the hospitable dinner-table was Madame T——, a florid, portly lady, weighing fourteen stone, whose name recalls a grimly humorous side of the great siege. This devoted mother, if indeed we ought thus to particularise any Frenchwoman, had braved the terrible five months of semi-starvation during the siege for her daughter's sake, the said daughter braving the same from a feeling of wifely duty. Like as twin cherries were madame and her darling Berthe, the only difference being that one weighed more, occupied more space and displayed a more blooming rotundity than the other.

It speaks volumes for the intrepidity and devotion of Frenchwomen that these two, of all others, could for a moment contemplate such an ordeal. What had hap-

pened at La Rochelle, what at Saragossa in our own century? And who could foretell to what Dantesque lengths Parisian patriotism might go? Friends and acquaintances of the pleasant easy-going, life-loving pair trembled with dismay; one thing seemed quite certain, they would never be seen alive again.

The siege was raised at last, and enormous crowds awaited the first train due from Paris. People were greatly agitated, many were in tears, everyone had brought packets and baskets, chocolate, meat-pies, bottles of warm soup, bunches of salad, all kinds of dainties and restoratives for the living skeletons, the walking ghosts expected.

But no sooner was the train brought to a standstill and the door of a compartment flung wide, than sobs ceased, hysterical cries gave way to laughter, a wave of hilarity swept over all Nantes, for all Nantes seemed there! Out tripped two familiar figures, Madame T—— and her daughter Berthe, neither of them a shade less rosy, a nail's-breadth less buxom, one whit less jolly in outward appearance than in palmiest days. With lightness of heart they had confronted the most dismal prospect that can stagger the imagination; in mood as airy, not at all realising their own heroism, they now congratulated themselves that all was now well over, fresh butter, mutton cutlets, asparagus, and strawberries were once more matters of every day!

My friends received an ovation which certainly they deserved. To have faced the great siege was something, to have come out of it unscathed was more than a mere title of honour.

CHAPTER III.

A PORTRAIT-GALLERY (*continued*).

"My husband has changed all that!"—"The religion of Voltaire." —Mr. John Morley at Nantes.—Feminine types.

AMONG the *habitués* of the Place Cambronne, were M. and Madame M——, both types of the upper middle-class. Here I would remark that I have never found English nationality a bar to closest friendship, much less to social intercourse in France. I say it boldly. Most dear and strong have ever been the ties of friendship at home. As dear and strong have been those made by me on the other side of the channel. Among the friends whose affection makes the highest joy of my life, whom to lose is to be left desolate have been Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

As time wears on, however, many a cherished and gracious figure must be lost to sight, gradually drop out of one's ken, by the sheer force of circumstances. Nothing has occurred to disturb mutual harmony, there is no diminution of cordiality on either side; chance and change have separated us, and as Schopenhauer says, when friends no longer meet at reasonable intervals they

become myths to each other. Thus it happens that both Madame M—— and her husband are now mere memories. Our intimacy began and ended during my twelve months' stay at Nantes.

Savine, as I will call my charming friend, represented an especial class of Frenchwomen, much rarer twenty-five years ago than to-day; she was one of those convent-bred girls who had been rescued by marriage from a kind of glacial epoch, a condition of intellectual torpor and mental etiolation.

"My husband has changed all that," she would say gaily, breaking off from early reminiscences to actual life, contrasting the commonsense, wholesome, satisfying present with the dwarfed, morbid, unreal past.

If I have entertained and elsewhere expressed repugnance at the conventual system, for which I have felt no words too strong, it is from knowledge at first hand, from long, close, and varied intercourse with its victims. And no emancipated Romanist did more to enlighten me than Savine M——.

At this time girls of the better ranks were invariably confided to nuns, requiring no certificate of fitness whatever, only a *lettre d'obédience,* in other words a kind of "character" from the Bishop. No wonder that the young ladies entrusted to their care quitted the convent as ignorant as they entered it. In one conventual school, perhaps still as fashionable as it was a genera-

tion ago, the teaching of French history ended with the Revolution! After '89, historic deluge! Only by reason of divine right, *fleur de lis* and *oriflamme,* could unhappy France claim a chronicle, the shadow of a right to existence!

If many a convent-bred girl could say with Savine, "My husband has changed all that," not many possessed the same moral courage. My friend and her spiritual and intellectual emancipator were strictly logical and uncompromisingly sincere, never for a moment seeking to deceive the world, or what was of far more importance, their children. Having cast off Rome and its superstitions, they did not attempt to hoodwink society by a show of orthodoxy, from time to time attending mass, sending their boys to the confessional, and so on. They just went their own way regardless of mundane consequences. In their hearts, I believe, they were Protestants of the most liberal type, but they preferred not to label themselves, in other words, to remain outside every religious system.

At the period I write of, that is to say, on the morrow of the Third Empire, clerical intolerance still leavened so-called Republican institutions. Bureaucracy had not rid itself of the Ultramontane element. Red tapeism and bigotry still went hand in hand.

About this time my friend's elder boy, a lad of fifteen, was transferred for health's sake from the Lycée

of Nantes to that of Brest. I do not remember whether or no Henri stood out against confession or other religious obligation exacted by school chaplain. In any case he was summoned before the authorities, and on being called upon to apologise for his scruples, blurted out—

"I follow the religion of my father, namely, the religion of Voltaire!"

Pretty well this for a schoolboy, but mark the moral of my story! Henri's defiant attitude and avowal created nothing short of a local scandal. M. M—— was remonstrated with, hints of expulsion were even thrown out, and ere many days had elapsed, came delicately worded overtures from a Jesuit college—"Under our own roof the religious convictions of a pupil's parents are respected," and so on.

This incident aptly illustrates the Jesuitical system. Whilst General Booth, whose marvellous organisation may compare with that of Ignatius Loyola, fishes for souls, the Jesuit fishes for consciences. Happily for himself Henri M—— escaped the toils. Had it been otherwise he would most assuredly at this moment belong to the infamous Rochefort-Drumont-Dulac league, having on their lips the watchword, "A second St. Bartholomew for Jews, Protestants, and non-Catholics, no law but the law of the sword and the sprinkler*!"

* *Goupillon*, or holy water sprinkler.

In a household devoted to the rehabilitator of Calas, the defender of La Barre, it seemed natural that Mr. John Morley's name should be hônoured. Yet I felt some surprise when Monsieur M——put the now well-known study of Voltaire in my hands. Mr. Morley's work had not long appeared, it was costly, and perusal required a thorough knowledge of English.

"You have read your countryman's work, of course?" asked M. M——

I confessed that I had not, whereupon he lent me his copy, and we afterwards discussed the book together.

The French critic, whilst sympathetic, would have preferred a briefer, compacter, more epigrammatic, and, perhaps, more enthusiastic treatmeat. This was tantamount to saying that Mr. John Morley was all very well, but what a thousand pities that he was not a Frenchman!"

My friend's husband, although his early life had been spent at sea, was a scholar, yet the finding of such a book in his library is suggestive. We may be quite sure that no contemporary work on the subject in French was there to keep it company.

The Third Republic, Heaven knows! has been more than once tried in the balance and found wanting. Let us not forget one incalculable service rendered to France

by democratic institutions. I allude to the progress of learning. The intellectual deadlock created by the alliance of Imperialism and the Ultramontane party under Napoleon III. is sufficiently indicated by three circumstances, Victor Hugo an exile, Renan ostracised by the College de France, Littré by the Academy! A less familiar incident throws further light on the state of affairs. The Second Empire proved more hostile to positive science than the monarchy. So far back as 1832 Auguste Comte had proposed the foundation of an additional professorship at the Collège de France, namely, of the history of science. It was not till the establishment of the Third Republic that the doors of this great body were opened to the teaching of modern science.

In scholarship and learning advancement within the last thirty years has been enormous.

On this subject the late Dr. Hubert Holden wrote to me as follows—"The French Republic has been more favourable to a high standard of learning than any previous government. The works of eruditon that now appear from French presses are superior to German editions alike in scholarship and learning."

Especially has criticism reached the highwater mark in contemporary France. Mr. John Morley's valuable work on Voltaire could hardly in these days be the god-send that it was to my friend a generation ago!

Frenchwomen are without doubt the cleverest, the most gifted beings in creation. By help of an amazingly quick intelligence, perhaps I should say, by force of instinct, Savine M—— had contrived to overtake her husband. Ten years his junior, convent-bred, never for an instant neglecting her duties as housewife and mother, she was now his equal, mentally speaking every inch as tall. I do not mean to say that she could have passed an examination at the École Polytechnique, or the Sorbonne. But what Lessing wrote of the immortals is true of her and her sisters. Genius—and a Frenchwoman—may pardonably ignore a thousand facts, humdrum folks are bound to know.

Savine possessed what no amount of cut and dry knowledge can give, perception, judgment, above all, taste. There are ever two ways of performing any action, however trifling, namely, the stereotyped and the inimitable. When Savine wished for her friend's company, she did not send the sort of invitation we get every day. Instead would come a little pencilled note, perhaps as follows—

"Amie, les matinées parmi nos roses sont si fraiches, si belles! Toute la maisonnée et le chocolat vous attendront demain au jardin à huit heures." (Friend, the early mornings among our roses are so fresh, so lovely! The household and chocolate await you in the garden to-morrow at eight o'clock.)

M. and Madame M—— occupied a pretty suburban villa having a small garden and arbour, all without as within a picture of order and taste. Worth remembering are those out-door sociabilities, madame in the neatest possible morning gown gaily serving the chocolate, monsieur in alpaca coat and white trousers reading items from the "Phare de la Loire," the Liberal organ of Nantes; Henri all attention to public affairs as behoved a Lycéen, little Frédéric playing with his kitten.

It was not among the roses and bosquets of Belle-de-nuit that Savine and her English friend confabulated. Many and many a prolonged *tête-à-tête* we had during my twelve months' stay at Nantes, and many a strange story of convent life, or rather death in life, did she tell me.

As attractive a narrator as Madame Guépin, her themes were notedly different. Whilst the former thrilled us with tales of historic magnanimity and endurance, the latter dealt with actual love and romance. No Jeanne D'Hennebont or Jacqueline de Montbel fired Savine's enthusiasm. Her smiles and tears were for the heroines of yesterday, the Jeannes and Jacquelines she had frolicked with, confided in, loved.

Other figures, less conspicuous yet equally agreeable to contemplate, fill up this canvas. Among the companions of my leisure and my initiators into French life and modes of thought was a group of girls, all well

worthy of portraiture and all belonging to the unmarriageable, in other words, the undowered class. The first of these, Virginie C——, occupied the post of sub-directress in Madame Guépin's Technical school, at the same time enjoying the confidence and warm friendship of her patroness and of Mdlle. Huberte. In so far as material things were concerned therefore the future caused her no anxiety. And fortunately for their peace of mind, French girls are quite free from sentimentality. Alike the heiress and the portionless look at marriage from a purely practical or business point of view. Is not the very condition of wedlock expressed by the prosaic word, *un ménage,* a household, a partnership of two?

This conception of life has many things in its favour. A French girl may regret much that marriage would naturally bring, to wit, freedom, the position of a matron, the support of a husband, the prospect of motherhood. She does not waste herself to a skeleton for loss of ideals, dreams of unstinted admiration, heated imaginings as remote from actuality as the moon from green cheese.

Virginie accepted the drawbacks of her condition with dignity. As if disclaiming the merest suspicion of coquettishness, she aged herself by the wearing of black, openly discussed politics, a fact even more than sober garb attesting the attitude taken up, labelling herself in some such terms as follows: Here is a well educated

(and I may add, a pretty) young woman calmly confronting spinsterhood, proof against all the apples held out for frivolous modern Eves. Doubtless a few, perhaps many years of love, so called and luxury or ease might have been hers, for the temptations put in the way of girls thus placed are many and great. Virginie had something to say here, but she generally stopped short with the words: "Ah, la mauvaise espèce!" (The bad race of men.)

The cultivation of the speaking voice is regarded as a fine art in France, and Virginie was a mistress of declamation. She would entertain us with recitals from the classics or Victor Hugo that recalled artistes of the Comédie Française. Here I add a remark by way of suggestion. If I can claim insight into French literature, it is due rather to the hearing, than the reading, of French authors. Then, as now, a leading feature of social gatherings would be the recital of some highly accomplished amateur. And let us compare the audition with the perusal, say of La Fontaine's masterpiece, "The Animals sick of the Plague." It is impossible to give any idea of the pathos put by a competent declaimer into the line—

> "Ils ne mourraient pas tous, mais tous étaient frappés."
> (Not all perished, but all were stricken.)

Virginie would stand before the mantelpiece, her slender frame gradually shaken with feeling, but voice, pose and

features under entire control, as she recited pieces from Victor Hugo's "L'Année Terrible." Her rendering of "Madame Rolland"* I shall never forget. A Protestant, a breadwinner, a dowerless girl, Virginie could afford to indulge in Republican sentiments, sentiments repudiated by fashionable society.

Here and there of course French girls do marry although they have no dowry. My preceding remark as to their general unsentimentality is amusingly illustrated by the following anecdote.

Marthe B——, another school-teacher and a protégée of Madame Guépin's, formed a striking contrast to the retiring, fastidious, outwardly passionless Virginie. Florid, with restless black eyes and self-asserting, vivacious ways, Marthe did not attempt to conceal her liking for the other sex. A more good-natured creature never existed, and on half-holidays, she would accompany me in search of wild-flowers; wide, very wide of suburban Nantes we had to go, at last discovering cornfields and meadows, glade opening upon glade, many a tiny stream threading flowery mead, many a coppice wood resonant with birds. For this ancient city hides her graces coyly, and an impatient traveller might go away under the impression that Nantes possessed no country resorts at all. During one of these rambles, Marthe informed me that she

* Not to be confounded with "The Queen of the Girondins."

was engaged to a sailor cousin at that time in foreign waters, and that on his return they were to be married.

"We are devoted to each other," she said, as we sat together one afternoon, amid the cornflowers and poppies, "if ever there was a love-match, it will be ours."

Just three years later I met Marthe in Paris, now a beaming matron. But the sailor cousin was still in foreign waters.

"What would you have?" she had explained to a friend. "Pierre's return seemed as far off as ever, and M. B——, now my husband, is an excellent fellow and doing well in business. I consider myself very fortunate."

Well enough should I like to portray other associates of this twelve months' stay, but the list is too long. Father Joseph, the Capucin brother, with whom I had pleasant chats, I have described elsewhere. Other figures, among these a Breton gentleman, now Dreyfusite deputy in the Chamber, and the late harbour-master of Nantes, Imperialist, and personal friend of Napoleon III., at least for the present I leave out.

CHAPTER IV.

SCENES OF CONVENT LIFE.

The nuns and the Bishop.—"Nous recevons toujours, nous ne donnons jamais."—"Oh, chastity, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

WISHING to see as much as possible of convent life in Brittany, I had provided myself with a letter of introduction from Cardinal Manning to the late Bishop of Nantes. For this priceless Open Sesame, so I naturally regarded it, I was indebted to a kind friend who died three years ago. Originally a pervert to Rome, thrice a recusant therefrom, and finally—from my own point of view—re-perverted, this gentleman had obtained for me a warm recommendation to Monseigneur of Nantes. The missive brought a reply as cordial. I soon discovered, however, that a bishop has no more authority over reverend mothers and holy abbesses than if he belonged to a heretical episcopate. On showing Monseigneur's letter to heads of certain convents, and begging permission to see something of the interior, the invariable answer was: "Our house does not depend upon the diocese," and a curt refusal.

This damping of my ardour proved a blessing in disguise. Attaining my end by means of lay folk and outsiders I felt absolutely unfettered in criticising the conventual system. When putting impressions upon paper, prelatical patronage must have sadly hampered me, and here let me observe that these strictures are all along based upon personal experience or information gained at first hand.

Before taking leave of the Bishop let me tell the following story. My hostess, whose entire existence was taken up with philanthropy, once called upon Monseigneur with a pitiful tale. The case, for which pecuniary aid was urgently needed, ought to have appealed to him as the subjects were Catholic.

"Madame," was the prelate's reply. "Nous reçevons toujours, nous ne donnons jamais." ("We invariably receive, as invariably we never give.") She did not appeal to the Évêché a second time.

It is a curious fact that devout Romanists will often express themselves on the subject of the cloister and the confessional much more severely than the most rigid Protestant going. French character is conservative and patriarchal, French intellect is revolutionary and iconoclastic. Hence the strangest conflict of routine and initiative, unsparing criticism found hand-in-hand with outward conformity.

"Imagine my feelings," said a Catholic friend to me,

member of an ancient Breton family, wedded to *ori-flamme* and *fleur de lis*. "I was calling yesterday upon Madam B——, my mother-in-law's friend, and found her busy with her maid upon a wedding gown, the orthodox white silk, with orange blossoms and train.

"Then your Juliette is about to be married," cried I. "My warm congratulations!"

Madame B——, shook her head as she let go the hem and advanced to meet me.

"No, she has decided to take the veil, to become a Carmelite!" was her answer. "It is not perhaps what we should have wished, but circumstances—" then she stopped.

"Think of it, dear mademoiselle," added the narrator, "once her wedding gown thrown aside, that poor girl will be dead to her family and the world. If she loses a parent the announcement will be made as follows: 'My sisters, one of your number has had the misfortune to lose a father, mother, brother, or sister, as the case may be!' None know, none may ask the name of the deceased, so that all hearts are wrung instead of one. In that fearful order the nuns wear no linen, only woollen garments; they never sleep in beds, reclining instead on bare boards; meat they never touch, and offences or fancied offences are punished by severities that often drive them mad. Yet," she said after a pause, "if the vocation is felt, one can say nothing. My little daughter

for instance, our only child, should never be prevented from taking the veil, supposing that she set her heart upon it."

"But that lady's hint at circumstances?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, circumstances have much more to do with these perpetual vows than vocation. You see," here she smiled, "it is so much easier to dower a daughter for the cloister than for a suitable partner. Many girls of good family enter a convent simply because there is nothing else for them to do. Two aunts of my husband took the veil years ago. They hated the thought of it as well they might, but a convent is genteeler than spinsterhood upon narrow means."

These burials alive, or *prises d'habit*, are usually announced in the weekly religious papers, and in the case of an aristocratie novice, are accompanied by a certain *éclat*. One morning having seen a notice of this kind I found myself in a fashionable crowd flocking to the chapel of the Visitation. As I sat awaiting the service, a gentle-faced nun came up to me and whispered, "Would you like to see her?" I gladly followed my guide to a room in the convent adjoining where about forty persons, ladies, gentlemen, and children were gathered round a small iron grating in the inner wall. After some time the curtain behind this grating was drawn back and we saw a girl in white satin dress, myrtle-wreath and bridal veil, by her side standing an aged nun, the pair forming

a suggestive contrast. Just such a wooden automatic figure, just such a simulacrum of natural, cheerful, serviceable womanhood would that make-believe bride become, unless Death, the kindest friend of these self-immolators, brought an early deliverance.

This leave-taking was a scene of much excitement and painfulness. Putting her white-gloved hand through the bars, the victim for the last time clasped that of friends and acquaintances, for the last time gazed upon familiar faces. She spoke in a forced voice and had evidently nerved herself to cheerfulness, but the whole thing was a horrible mockery.

Soon a carriage drove up, and an elderly couple, both weeping, appeared. "Her parents," murmured the rest, and without a word all passed into the chapel.

I have never ventured among savage tribes, but the ceremony of burying alive cannot be more repugnant to nineteenth century civilisation than the rite I am about to describe.

Divided from the chapel by an iron screen was a second smaller one, in which the cloistered sisters sit o' Sundays, and in which to-day's ceremony was partly to take place; the officiating priests remaining at the high altar, now brilliantly lighted, the novice and her fellow nuns remaining behind the screen. By and by the *glas* or death-bell tolls, the parents and relations of the

novice take the seats assigned to them opposite the screen, as at a marriage, the men being on one side, the women on the other, the inner chapel fills with black-robed nuns, moving about with lighted tapers and chanting in low, lugubrious tones.

All is tip-toe expectation as the bride advances towards an opening in the screen and there kneels, her head and shoulders being only visible; after a preliminary service a priest places himself in front of this aperture and delivers an oration, which for unctuous flattery and gross superstition, it would be hard to match.

"For you, my dear sister," he said, "I have no fear; you have been reared by your parents a veritable angel of purity. We feel that you are one of the chosen, conscious of your call, assured of your vocation, henceforth to be cut off from the corruptions of the world, dedicated to heavenly contemplations. You are about, dear sister, to take upon yourself the vows of perpetual chastity, to prove to mankind that there is such a thing as angelic purity in the world. Oh! that rare and wonderful virtue. Think of what it is to keep your body unspotted!" and so on and so on, the discourse transporting us to the dark ages, suggesting a condition of things happily long passed away, *Trèves de Dieu* and other measures for the protection of youth, guilelessness and beauty.

The sacrament was next administered, and the three vows were taken, tremblingly and tearfully enough. Again the death-bell tolled, and an interval occurred during which the victim's hair was cut short, and her bridal dress exchanged for black robe and veil, symbol of lifelong incarceration. Then followed a gruesome ceremony. A bier covered with funeral pall was brought out on which she lay whilst the service for the dead was chanted, the nuns marching round, each holding a lighted taper. Little wonder that lay folks sobbed as they gazed on this spectacle, no one was unmoved but the priests, who sat by grim and calm, mechanically joining in the death-chant. At last one of them approached the screen and inclining his head towards the apparently lifeless figure on the bier, cried in a loud voice, "Rise, my sister!" whereupon the singing ceased, the nuns formed a procession and retired with their new-made victim through the entrance by which they had come.

"Oh, chastity!" quoth I, parodying one of the world's great epigrams, "Oh! chastity, what crimes are committed in thy name."

CHAPTER V.

SCENES OF CONVENT LIFE (*continued*).

The Cloister psychologically considered.—Conventual "sweating."—A *lapsus linguæ*.—A romance of the Convent.

AND just before that taking of the veil a learned Paris physician had thus expressed himself at the Social Congress then sitting at Nantes: "It is not unusual," he said, "for a young girl entering upon a convent novitiate in splendid health to succumb within the space of two years to the sedentary, self-centred existence imposed upon her," and he bore out this statement by figures showing the enormous devastation of consumption in cloistered convents. In his admirable "Psychology of Mind," Dr. Maudsley also treats this subject from the scientific point of view. But Paris physicians and English psychologists only beat the winds.

After this *prise d'habit* I saw the officiating priests interchanging courtesies with the relations and friends of their victim. They were radiant, and no wonder! Another dowry had been added to the Church; another might-be wife and mother rescued from the perils of enlightenment. And every *prise d'habit* is a splendid

advertisement. From the sacerdotal point of view the transaction is as satisfactory as can be.

The cloistered sisters injure themselves only. Here fanaticism recoils upon its votaries. Quite otherwise is it with the holy women engaged in business. In that tremendous book, "Lourdes," M. Zola's Pelion piled upon Ossa, he shows how the commercial spirit discredits Romanism. But more than a quarter of a century before M. Jules Simon had drawn attention to another aspect to this question, namely, the crushing competition of conventual with lay handiwork. In his book, "L'Ouvrière" (1862), he showed that out of every hundred dozen shirts made in Paris, eighty dozen came from the convents. The nuns help their pupils, and, for the most part, would not be seamstresses if they were living in the world and unsupported by the revenues of the convent. Their time counts for nothing, and the rules of their order obliging them to live simply, they can lower the wages of workwomen as much as they please. "For," wrote M. Jules Simon, "the seamstress must live by her earnings, and when her employers haggle about the price of her work it is in reality her existence that is in question. Every centime abated implies a new privation. Here is an example cited to me by Madame Guépin. During her husband's prefectship in 1870—71, the wives of artisans and workmen called upon to serve, were literally starving whilst the

soldiers wanted shirts; the women wanted nothing so much as the making of them—in other words, bread for their children. Large orders for soldiers' garments were sent to the different towns, and the poor women were crying of joy at the prospect of earning money, when lo! the convents stepped in, offering to undertake the contract at a much lower price. The Government was at its wits' end for funds, and the nuns got the work. Painful indeed is the spectacle of a bogus bride, a girl arrayed in symbolic veil and orange wreath for the most hideous fate that can befall any woman. But even more painful is the sight of a *bonâ fide* trousseau in course of preparation at a convent orphanage."

A Catholic friend took me one day with his little daughter to inspect one of these houses, and this is what we saw.

Sitting on high benches without backs in a large bare room were about thirty girls of all ages, from four to twenty, each down to the tiniest mites, plying her needle. At either end of the room presided a sister, her nun's garb being the only break in the monotonous picture; rows upon rows of little children and growing girls bent over some piece of stitching or embroidery, the stitching or embroidery going on all day long, no break except for mass or meals.

A sister took us from one youthful needlewoman to another, and I gazed in wonder, first at the elaborate

piece of needlework, and then at the white-faced, hollow-chested, apathetic worker. The toil to which these waifs and strays are condemned from the time they enter the home till they quit it at the age of twenty-one is mechanical. The same girl stitches or seams or makes buttonholes all day long; no kind of training is given that fits her for service or domestic life, and if after so many years of microscopic needlework her eyes are good for anything, she does not know how to use them. Privations of every kind and sedentary routine undermine what little stamina these poor children may bring with them to the orphanage. They go away sickly, often consumptive or deformed, always feeble, and in utter ignorance of everything but needlework.

Since my year's residence in Nantes things have changed. The educational revolution, so it must be called, brought about under M. Grévy's presidentship, affected every child throughout the country. French children of the State are no longer allowed to remain in ignorance of the three R's.

Whilst making the round of this especial orphanage I committed a terrible blunder. Our guide was proudly showing us one piece of delicate needlework after another when she caught up what, in these days, would be called a lady's blouse.

"Oh, the pretty Garibaldi!" cried the stupid English

visitor, such garments at that time being named after the liberator of Rome and his immortal red shirt.

My friend, a young Ultramontane doctor, turned very red; as to the nun, she could not have looked more aghast had I invoked my pet saint, M. de Voltaire!

French story-telling, how it clings to the memory! Many and many an incident of convent life and the confessional did Savine tell me in her own excellent way. Here is a specimen. We had listened one evening to some extra musical service of a convent chapel. As we sauntered home by the Fosse, that unique promenade combining quays, boulevards, and railway-line, she began—

"Shall I tell you why that little chapel possesses the strangest fascination for me? Listen, then. It is just fourteen years ago Henri had begun to feel his feet, when my heart was well-nigh broken. My old schoolfellow and bosom friend Céline B——, no one knew why, took the veil, gave up family, friends, and society for the slow martyrdom of a Carmelite nun. What made the matter all the more astonishing was Céline's character. She had never posed as a *dévote,* was ever gayest of the gay, and, oh, so clever! much cleverer than any of us."

Here the English listener shook her head. Savine went on—

"Her convent was the one we have just left, and, of course, not being a relation, I could never hope to see her, I could only hear her sweet voice behind that horrible iron screen. She possessed one of those voices that would have enriched a poor girl, made, if not a *prima donna,* at anyrate a successful vocalist of her. So Sunday after Sunday and Saints'-day after Saints'-day, although no longer a Catholic—my husband had changed all that—I used to go to the little chapel, weeping as I detected Céline's voice among the rest. Being an accomplished musician she used to take the solos, and those solos got noised abroad, attracted strangers, brought heaps of money to the convent.

"Well, exactly three years after Céline's incarceration, a friend of my husband's, a naval officer, returned from Cochin China, as good luck would have it, accompanied myself, my husband, Henri and his nurse to a May-night service. May is the month dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and, as you will see if you stay on, we have splendid musical services then in every church.

"Hardly was Céline's voice heard in the *Ave Maria* than Mariette, Henri's nurse, pulled my sleeve. 'The Captain! the Captain!' she cried, frightened out of her wits. Every head was indeed turned, for our poor friend was behaving like one demented. His eyes had a fixed stare as if he saw ghosts. He gasped for breath, then a murmur burst from his lips, 'Céline, Céline!' and

staggering like a drunkard, or one struck with sudden illness, he got out of the chapel.

"I sent my husband after him, and as soon as I decently could, followed with little Henri and his nurse. The Captain was in a state of indescribable excitement. Céline was his, he said, and he vowed, come what would, should yet be his wife.

"The pair it seems had been secretly engaged before his departure for China, and it was only to escape a much-loathed marriage that my poor dear took the veil. You are in love with our amiable qualities, dear English mademoiselle! You have yet to make the acquaintance of our national defects. Céline's parents were, like the rest of us, overfond of money. When a rich, elderly, and utterly uninteresting widower—I cannot say worse of him—proposed to my clever, sparkling, delightful Céline, her friends were shocked, but her parents thought her next door to a maniac for refusing him. Escape seemed only possible one way, so she buried herself alive.

"The Captain knew well enough that to rescue his beloved by fair means was absolutely out of the question, force also was not to be thought of. His only hope lay in craft.

"Cloistered nuns may bury and, who knows, murder each other, no one being the wiser; but they cannot replace chimney-pots blown off in a hurricane, repair

crumbling walls, or whitewash chapel ceilings! And the holy sisters—can anything be more natural? they are women after all—like to see *ein Paar Hosen*—*i.e.* a man about the place—as my Alsatian nuns used to say (I was educated at Metz). No matter when you visit a convent it is sure to be under repair. And, as a rule, the masons, bricklayers, and carpenters employed are young and handsome. But pray do not suppose that I hint at improprieties! Oh, dear no! I only allude to feminine weakness.

"The Captain, who by the way had now come into a good bit of money, and had retired on half-pay, soon found out the builder patronised by the Mother Superior. Under one pretence and another he got to know the especial men told off for duty at the convent, and whilst doing odd jobs for himself, tinkering at this, that, and the other, they would answer his innocently put questions.

"Having obtained all the information he wanted as to interior arrangements, routine, and conduct of the house, he carefully laid his plans. By the intermediary of a gardener he got tiny missives slipped into Céline's hand, the hour, place, and method of escape were settled. One fine evening when the place had been thrown into commotion by the visit of a Cardinal Bishop, Sister Angélique was missing. High and low her gaolers searched, but to no purpose. Before they could raise

the hue and cry Céline and her bridegroom were speeding across the seas to Liverpool. But," added Savine, as she finished her story, "this is nothing to some others I could tell you!"

CHAPTER VI.

AN INUNDATION OF THE LOIRE.

"Quel torrent révolutionnaire!"—A transformed perspective.—The tocsin.—The hurricane.—"Les couvreurs, les couvreurs!"—"Save my pig!"

As generally happens in France, whilst we were expecting one kind of catastrophe, another occurred of quite opposite nature. From the moment of unpacking my portmanteau at Nantes to that of turning the key for departure, all was political uncertainty and suspense. No one could in the least foretell the fortunes of the morrow. Any day we might wake up to the proclamation of a Third Empire of martial law throughout the country, and wholesale deportations to Cayenne. It was a critical period, rather I should say, a turning-point in the history of the Republic, that surreptitious Republic Gambetta wittily observed, foisted upon France as Leah had been foisted upon Jacob. Clericalism, the military spirit, the Napoleonic legend were assiduously nursed during the Mac Mahon Septennate, and more than one acute crisis happened between August 1875 and August 1876.

But if Gambetta and his little band were a match

for the political intrigues, if the tide of reaction could be stemmed and what Goethe calls "retarding demons" could be held in check, not thus was it with the Loire. "Quel torrent révolutionnaire!" had cried the Conventionnel nearly a hundred years before. French institutions and French landscapes have meanwhile changed; untouched by time remains the character of the people and of their revolutionary river. I was now to have a stupendous experience, to realise in a new and personal sense the fourth chapter of Genesis.

Our handsome flat was on the fourth storey, its westward windows looking towards St. Nazaire and the Atlantic; at all times therefore we enjoyed a vast perspective, in normal seasons, one of great cheerfulness and beauty. Breaking the surface of the river we could see wooded islets, bosquets of green amid the blue; we caught sight too of sail, mast, and funnel, as merchantmen, fishing-craft and steamers scudded to and fro. Very fair showed that riverside scene, villages dotting the slopes, church spires overtopping these, and beyond all, mere glittering streak, the sea!

Day by day this bird's-eye view now changed, sinister signs were on every side, gloomy the prognostics at headquarters. As in times of war or financial crisis, from morning till night folks crowded round the Mairie, Préfecture, and newspaper and telegraph offices, scanning the latest figures. And very soon suspense gave way to

anxiety and despair. The truth could no longer be doubted. We were on the eve of that disaster of disasters, that crowning calamity, an inundation of the Loire!

The awesome fascinates against our will, but were it otherwise the inhabitants of the Place Cambronne could not shut out the heart-breaking sight. As every morning I drew up the blind of my bedroom window, I could measure the encroachments of the river. At first there had been nothing more terrible about the scene than that of flooded lowlands at home. Coppice woods and velvety isles had gradually disappeared, flocks and herds were no longer to be seen, the level reaches forming one vast lake-like expanse.

Every added inch of water now meant accumulated misfortune, the ruin of early crops, the crumbling of homesteads, the engulfing of husbandmen and cattle. Thrilling us with terror and compassion now came the noise of mingled church bells from afar, that note of warning, shrill, penetrating, unintermittent as the tocsin in times of war. All day long the knell of a hundred death-bells reached us, for death bells they were indeed; at table, over our books, in the dead of night, against our wills, we caught the sound, there seemed no shutting it out, long after those terrible days it haunted our ears. Looking towards St. Nazaire we soon discerned only a

tall tree-top or church spire here and there, mere arrow-head probably to become invisible on the morrow.

With ever redoubled fury the river thundered on, veritable ocean dealing destruction to man and beast. Then indeed "the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered."

Like a doomed city Nantes reared its stately front above the world of waters now encompassing its walls. Ships and steamers hitherto lining two miles' length of quay were massed together and securely moored. Cheerful little pleasure-boats no longer sped between the port and riverside stations, the invading waters nearly reached the keystone of lofty stone bridges, the solitude of seething raging waters being only broken by rescue-parties, brave men plying oar here and there at deadliest peril. Little gardens a few days before full *of* zinnias and chrysanthemums had become mere ponds. Shops, warehouses, and dwellings in exposed situations were abandoned, whole quarters wearing the aspect of a plague-stricken place. Bridges had been hastily constructed for the convenience of pedestrians, these in many places supplanted by boat or canoe. And naturally the general suspense and anxiety increased every day. Now word was brought of drowning cattle, now of homestalls and inmates swept away, and now of valuable lives sacrificed to duty or heroism. The morbidly curious or

agonised bereaved flocked to the Morgue where lay victims awaiting recognition. The pious thronged the churches, invoking Mother Mary or some favourite saint. All was gloom, disturbance, and consternation.

Our own quarters being on high ground and at a considerable distance from the river were safe enough, but calamity is seldom without its twin. We were ourselves soon to be threatened with deluge from above. Just when the inundation had reached its height Nantes was visited with the most awful hurricane octogenarians could remember. The second visitation gave no warning.

One evening we sat in the salon after dinner, Madame Guépin by the lamp reading aloud inundation news—we had no appetite for any other—her mother, Mdlle. Huberte, and myself listening with folded hands, for fancy needlework was not here the order of the day. It happened that night that the "Phare de la Loire" was more hair-bristling than ever. The river was still rising. From every quarter came tidings of havoc and desolation.

"Oh, the poor ruined peasants, the widows, the orphans, no, I can read no more!" cried our hostess, in her person embodying that *pitié immense* so often on Zola's pen.

Suddenly we were startled by a clattering of hail on the window-panes, followed by rushing wind, a minute later and the full fury of the hurricane was upon us.

Hurricane did I say? Tornado were the apter word. Thunder and gust were no longer distinguishable, hailstones with the sound of artillery, splitting rafters and falling tiles adding to the uproar. Then came what seemed like an overhead Loire, inundation upon inundation, torrential rains, under such circumstances, a veritable portent.

Before we had time to recover ourselves, in dashed the two maids, Mariette "the Druidess," as Madame Guépin called her handsome, statuesque Breton cook, and Eulalie, the plain little waif and stray, by training turned into an excellent housemaid.

"Madame, madame!" cried both, almost frightened out of their wits. "We are unroofed, we are lost!"

True enough the cyclone was dislodging slates and tiles easily as an autumn wind scatters yellow leaves. Attics and lumber-rooms were being laid bare, gentle dripping from our own storey telling of the leakage above.

What a night of it we had! Every available utensil was put in requisition, pots and pans, buckets and baths, water-cans and coal-boxes, when our own supply came to an end, others being borrowed. And, as almost invariably happens under similar conditions, calamity engendered neighbourly feeling. Nothing like a good rattling scare to make the whole world kin!

Hitherto the various households of this handsome

block had remained strangers to each other, or at most, on bowing terms. The borrowing of pots and pans, the risk of being drenched, or even drowned in our beds, changed all this in a twinkling.

There was Huberte, prude of the prudish, allowing a sympathetic professor to press her hand; there was the widow of a Radical and Agnostic Prefect accepting the loan of an Ultramontane bedchamber, and there was her English visitor invited to sleep under half-a-dozen roofs! Where we all slept, found we sleep at all, are matters that escape my memory. Not till long past midnight did any of us go to bed, some being housed by one new acquaintance, some by another.

Never did city present a more forlorn appearance than Nantes after that memorable, I may say, historic hurricane. The wind had stripped it of head covering, literally scalped it from end to end, shattered tiles, slates, obstructing locomotion. For a moment the inundation and its dire mischief were forgotten. Folks could only think of themselves, of their dripping ceilings and jeopardised furniture. Anxious matrons and paterfamilias rushed hither and thither with the same cry on their lips: "Les couvreurs, couvreurs!"

This word, meaning the roofers, was doubtless put to such use after similar catastrophes of former days; but the wind remained riskily high, heroic slaters and tilers willing to scale six-storeyed buildings did not offer

themselves by the hundred. Few repairs could be pu
in hand till next day.

Long after such experiences, when sorrows hav
been softened by time and pecuniary losses made goo
by benevolence or thrift, comic incidents will recur t
the mind, many a whimsical tale relieving the tediu
of woe.

A war like that of 1870—71 takes precedence as a
national calamity, following suit comes an inroad of the
phylloxera, the third rank must be assigned to an inundation. If that I have just described did not represent a round sum of two hundred million sterling,*
the ruin nevertheless was on a gigantic scale. But
memory no more than misfortune is perennial. When
villages were made taut and trim, pastures reanimated
with cattle and sheep, orchards and gardens planted
afresh, even sufferers and eye-witnesses could smile over
their yarn.

"'Save my pig, never mind me, but save my pig!'
Never shall I forget that incident," recounted one of
these. "A rescue-party had reached an isolated cottage, or rather cabin, on one of the farther islands.
Whether the other inmates and household goods had
been got away, I do not remember, but there on the
roof of the rocking tenement, a little later and it must

* The Prussian indemnity, and the loss of money consequent
upon the destruction of French vines.

have fallen in, was a stout old peasant clinging to a prime pig. The gallant rescuers were willing enough to save poor piggie as well as his master, but time pressed and piggie's unwieldliness presented difficulties. They began to argue, to reason—as well cut logic with the winds! "Never mind me, save my pig!" shouted the old man, and by hook or by crook, and intensely to the delight of both beast and master, the pair were brought safely ashore."

Setting aside the French peasant's pride in his animals, we may doubtless account for such pertinacity on these grounds.

"My pig can do without me, but what can I do without my pig?" had doubtless reasoned the old farmer.

Be this as it may, he absolutely refused to quit the swaying house-top without his grunter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCARE.

A good word for President Grévy.—Halfpenny Literature.—How Jacques Bonhomme became Republican.—"Vous êtes ni homme ni femme!"—The anti-Ferry schoolmaster.—Two elections and the moral thereof.

TWELVE months under such a roof could but be full of experiences. Every day brought its event, and if the expected, in other words, the overthrow of the Third Republic, did not take place, never were free institutions more ruthlessly menaced. Verily could defenders of liberty say with the apostles, "Now do we stand in jeopardy every hour!"

Here let me say a good word for that splendid lawyer, true patriot and uncompromising Republican, the late Jules Grévy. Poor President Grévy! Not that he loved France less, but that he loved his little grand-daughters more! With him as with Victor Hugo, grandfatherhood had degenerated into senility.

In acquiring "l'art d'être grand-père"* (the art of

* Title of a volume by Victor Hugo, deification in verse of pinafores and poutings.

being a model grandfather) he unlearned that of being a patriot. The domestic slips of his later life should not, however, blind us to his immense public services, nor to his eminence as a legist, an orator, and a statesman. Neither should it be forgotten that just as the Great Carnot had protested against the *coup d'état* of the first Napoleon, so Jules Grévy, then Deputy of the Jura in the Constituent Assembly of 1848—52, had protested against the dangerous enlargement of presidential powers. Had the Grévy amendment been then carried, France would have escaped Imperialism, Sedan and the loss of her Rhine provinces, and during the time I speak of, republicans at Nantes would not have gone to bed in fear and trembling.

Clericalism, militarism and the Napoleonic idea were rampant during the MacMahon Septennate.

In those anxious days the democratic motto was that of Juliet's nurse: "Be wary, look about!" Unfriendly eyes and ears were at every keyhole, press persecutions were frequent, and anything like the vigorous campaign of later years was out of the question. I well remember how easy it was to miss, yet for the initiated, to discover, certain tracts and booklets circulated underhand by millions through the length and breadth of the country. I used to dawdle in a bookseller's shop kept by two friendly old ladies who could not of course parade republican literature. They would

at once have lost every subscriber to the *Semaine Religieuse.*

I soon found out that these admirable women combined the wisdom of the serpent with the gentleness of the dove. To my apparently innocent question—

"Have you anything new?"

Ever came the answer.

"Have a good look round; see for yourself, dear mademoiselle. Take your time."

Slipped between nondescript volumes, on the topmost top, at the bottom-most bottom of every heap, were the most astounding little works ever issued at prices ranging from a halfpenny to threepence. Whilst Gambetta was thundering away in the Chamber, and Republican journalists were seconding his efforts, historians, political economists and men of science, stepped in to aid the good work. By dint of perpetual prying and turning over, I amassed quite a collection of these booklets, silent yet speaking witnesses of ardent patriotism, ceaseless warfare waged on behalf of democracy. In the service of the halfpenny series, called "L'instruction républicaine," was enlisted the historian M. Henri Martin, among his tracts being, "Les Napoléon, et les frontières de la France," and "Hoche and Buonaparte." The first, the price of which, on account of a map, is raised to ten centimes instead of five, is a masterpiece of historic condensation; the second, a brilliant parallel

with an unanswerable moral. It is difficult to realise how under a Republican Government such works could be contraband. Harder still is it to realise the cost in time, money, above all, in physical wear and tear of this campaign. The propagandists were seldom rich men, often quite the reverse, and only by dint of rigid economy and self-sacrifice could the work have been carried on.

One educator of Jacques Bonhomme—himself possessed of very moderate means—told me that he had spent sixteen hundred pounds on the dissemination of republican literature.

Twenty-five years ago as to-day, the enemies of enlightenment and intellectual freedom were, of course, the clergy.

What comments could I not give here upon Gambetta's famous dictum, "Le cléricalism voilà l'ennemi!" Hardly a day of my twelve months' stay at Nantes but confirmed that memorable utterance. One weapon of the Ultramontane *curé* was his Sunday sermon. Whenever any of these political tracts, H. Martin's "Hoche and Buonaparte," "Ce que serait un nouvel Empire," by H. Carnot (father of the late President), or "Les Police Impériales," by an Alsatian, had been ferreted out, fulminations from the pulpit were sure to follow. Not only was the writing but the writer attacked. Recent events have showed us that the Romish clergy

stick at nothing where the cloaking of falsehood is concerned. One lie that serves their purpose is every whit as good as another. Thus was it with their predecessors a quarter of a century ago.

"So long as the *curé* of my parish contented himself with abusing myself and my publications, I let him alone," said one of these pioneers to me; "but when he took my wife's good name in hand, defaming her in the eyes of the congregation, *mon Dieu!* you should have seen me then! Outside the sacristy I waited for my man, club-stick in hand, ready to do him to death. And white as a sheet he turned when he caught sight of me thus armed, for he was but a poor slip of a fellow fresh from the seminary. 'Wretch!' shouted I, brandishing my stick. 'Being a priest, that is, neither man nor woman, I can't meet you in a duel and you are not worth haling with village viragoes before a justice of the peace. But mark! another word, a syllable about my wife in the pulpit, and you'll get home more dead than alive!"

This gentleman, although possessed of moderate means, held an independent position, and could therefore carry things with a high hand. Very different fared it with any struggling journalist or wretchedly paid schoolmaster who ventured to protest against the MacMahon tyranny. Fines, suspensions, imprisonment fell to their portion. Many careers were shipwrecked, many

hearts broken in the struggle, yet it went on. The village pedagogue, the anti-Ferry school-master, he it was who suffered most. Pitiful indeed was his plight under normal conditions, and no one more liable to censure or persecution! M. Waddington's recent grant had slightly ameliorated his pecuniary position, but even at the time I write of, £30 a-year with lodging and a small capitation fee, represented average pay.

The Ferry laws are not in the least likely to be revoked, and it is the Ferry laws, or to put the matter in a clearer light, the power of the schoolmaster that has saved the Republic, victoriously combated Boulangism and the more serious Royalist and Bonapartist conspiracies of yesterday. Whilst the Jesuit college numbers its thousands, it is by millions that the village schoolmaster enrolls its youthful Republicans. Immense, therefore, is his influence, the weight thereby cast in the scale of free institutions and liberty of conscience. And but for the valiant spirits I here recall, unwearied combatants now at rest, unflagging pens laid aside for ever, the Ferry laws would have been impossible, representative government in France a nine days' wonder. Sad it is that those who fought the good fight should so seldom hear the wild shouts of victory!

After the inundation and hurricane came a quiet time. Folks did their best to scare each other out of their wits, but no second Commune was proclaimed, nor

did we make up to a Bourbon or Imperialist *coup d'état* and state of siege. The general elections of 1876 brought plenty of excitement. Just ten years later I witnessed a similar event at Angoulême. But within a decade how had matters changed! How had the Republic put to shame its detractors and consolidated its powers! Whilst at Nantes in 1876 prevailed a veritable terror, in 1885 the capital of the Angoumais was not in the least disturbed.

I arrived in October of the last mentioned year, and confessed to my host that the time hardly seemed propitious for a visit.

"Nay," he said laughingly, "unless warned beforehand you would not know to-morrow that anything unusual is going on throughout France."

True enough, when next day we strolled forth the town presented its usual Sunday appearance. Nothing had been to change its appearance, no colours were flying, no favours were worn, very few placards could be seen, and nothing in the way of house decoration. Folks went to mass as usual, groups of men gathered at street corners, but without a vestige of excitement. Nor as the day wore on did affairs change. About four o'clock in the afternoon we watched voters going to the poll. A solitary police-officer stood by the entrance of the Hôtel de Ville, and even his presence was unnecessary. As my friend observed: "One might fancy that those

worthy citizens had gone inside to purchase a bit of cheese!"

And when night came what a contrast did Angoulême present to an English town under the same circumstances! All here was quiet and orderly, no brass bands followed by tag-rag and bobtail, no noisy procession, no drunken brawlers! Serious of the serious are Frenchmen when seriousness befits, let insular prejudice say what it will.

Very differently fared we at Nantes under the MacMahon Septennate, Imperial *régime* slightly watered, Ultramontane gingerbread just touched up with democratic gilding! The period was one succession of bogus panics, preposterous episodes worthy of burlesque or comic opera.

One day my friend the Capucin brother fled to his American acquaintance, begging the loan of an armchair and a revolver for a night or two. All the religious houses in the city, he averred, were going to be fired and gutted, and their inmates shot down or delivered to the fury of the mob, a mob, by the way, existing in his own imagination only.

This consular agent, although a Plymouth Brother, lived on friendliest terms with neighbouring *vicaire* and *abbé.* He was now besieged by clerical visitors agog for information. September massacres, Carrier's *noyades,*

and who knew what else loomed in the distance? Better cross the Atlantic than confront useless martyrdom!

As to social intercourse, Home Rule among ourselves and the Dreyfus affair in France of to-day, proved no more terrible apple of discord.

My hostess received her friends on Wednesday afternoons. Upon one of those occasions she was shaking hands with the wife of her Bonapartist friend, mentioned farther back, when the wife of a leading Republican was announced. The latter beat a hasty retreat, even refusing a chair.

Another day as Madame Guépin and myself were going downstairs we encountered the heroine of the siege, the portly, good-humoured elderly matron who showed herself none the worse after five months' semi-starvation.

"Mon Dieu, ma bonne amie!" she cried, as soon as she could get breath, for she had mounted the third stair and had fourteen stone to carry. "I was coming to you for advice. Folks say we rich folks are all going to be murdered in our beds!"

Here is the explanation of these vagaries. The working-man's candidate was a Republican, and therefore in ultramontane eyes, a Communard, a Red Radical, an Atheist, and utterly devoid of moral sentiments.

Strange to say his nomination had been objected to

by the less advanced of his own party, moderate Republicans going over to the other side, now openly supporting a Legitimist. Yet the first candidate was not only a citizen of position but the much respected head of a family, against whose character nothing could be hinted. Why such turning of coats? Simply because the working-men as a body were for the only Republican who presented himself, and the working classes were, forsooth, Socialists!

Reactionary journals announced a general overthrow of society. The fashionable world prepared for a second emigration.

And out of this bellowing mountain crept the tiniest mouse ever seen! The newly elected Radical merely raised his voice on behalf of more equitable military service. No less subversive deputy sat in the Chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

STORY-TELLING.

The Commune.—*En route* for Satory.—"My father! Save my father!"—An ex-priest's story.

THAT mention of the Commune a few pages back recalls some wonderful story-telling. Never indeed had born relator more golden opportunity. We were on the morrow of three stupendous, rather should I say, cataclysmal events in contemporary annals—Sedan, the siege and the insurrection of May. Each period teemed with the marvellous, the unheard-of, each as recalled by participant or looker-on, awakened alternate horror and admiration. Sublimely then shone forth characteristics eminently French, elasticity of temperament, superhuman powers of endurance, fiery patriotism. In blackest dyes showed defects common to the human race, class hatred, cruelty, the lust of revenge.

We were no thimble-wearing, yet no thumb-twirling little society in the Place Cambronne. Everyone's day was as busy as could be, and when evening came, reading aloud or story-telling took the place of crewel work and parlour games. To the best of my remembrance I never

saw housewife or workbasket in that pleasant salon during my twelve months' stay. It was evidently my hostess's opinion, as it has always been my own, that talk should be listened to, and that the burying of one's head over an embroidery frame during general conversation is the height of impoliteness. From an economic standpoint moreover she discouraged amateur fancy-work or dressmaking. The needle, she would urge, is the breadwinner of our poorer sisters. As I have before mentioned, Madame Guépin was a born narrator, and not even the war or the siege moved her so much as the Commune. The history of that dire, yet perfectly intelligible movement was familiar to her in each detail. She had lived with Communards during the Thiers proscription, had sheltered many and aided more than one escape romantic as that of Lord Nithsdale.

Any attempt to explain this most complicated chapter of contemporary history would be wholly out of place here. I will only quote the observation of a French writer in accordance with my hostess's view twenty-five years before.

"Machiavelli has justly remarked," writes M. André Lebon in his recent work ('Cent ans d'histoire intérieure'), "that almost all the great sieges of history have been followed by popular risings; moral and physical sufferings predispose the people to the influence of agitators; the almost haphazard distribution of arms necessitated during

a period of investment, renders an outbreak easy. Paris unfortunately did not escape the usual fate."

"Ah, the poor brave people of Paris," began Mme. Guépin one evening. "They had suffered so much and had kept body and soul together, not on bread but on wine. When siege bread (you have seen what that was like!) and horse-flesh failed, wine still remained in plenty. Think of it, my friend, wine maddening a half-starved populace! Then came the crowning exasperation, Prussian helmets in Paris and proclamation of disarmament! Let me now relate one or two incidents of that awful period. They will show the sublime pity actuating my beloved people of Paris, the angelic impulses here and there overcoming vindictive passion.

"The culminating horror had now come; after invasion, siege, and civil war, the daily march of Communards to Satory, men, women, and—oh! God, that I, a Frenchwoman, should say it—children, to be shot down by their brothers, husbands, fathers! Nothing had been done outwardly to humanise these poor creatures, many of them innocent as myself. Bemired, bedraggled, bloodstained, their clothes almost torn from their backs, as they had entered prison, so they now left it. Nor was any effort made to impose decent behaviour on the part of the crowd and protect the victims from vilest outrage. Only care was taken that the *mitrailleuse* should have its full number! And, remember, no ribald mob was

this, no scum of the population as when Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland were howled to the guillotine. Elegantly dressed ladies, patronesses of charitable institutions, wives and mothers, not content to look on as at a show, not content to insult with their lips, would rush forward and strike some hapless wretch with fan or parasol—but, no, not a word more! Of these things you have read enough and to spare in the newspapers and the very mention makes me sick. Well, one morning—the incident I have from an eye-witness—as the train of the doomed moved on, a young poorly-dressed girl stole forth to gaze. She evidently belonged to the journeywoman class, was perhaps a clear-starcher or mender in some shop close by. As she stood thus, hearkening to that awful tramp, tramp, tramp, looking in those faces dehumanised by outrage and despair, maybe also by crime, a spasm, rather a frenzy of pity thrilled her slight frame, an angelic passion of protectiveness conquered fear. There was not so much as a second for deliberation, even had deliberation been possible to one thus suddenly evangelised, imbued with the very spirit of the One Teacher. She had no time to think of her own safety, no time as it seemed to single out any especial object of compassion. Yet something in the way of magnetic attraction must have here occurred, as something must have accounted for her transport. All at once, above the sound of plodding feet

and clattering swords, rose a woman's voice, a cry outreaching the hideous procession.

"'My father! Save my father!'

"What followed was so unexpected that alike spectators, police, and soldiers were struck dumb. Springing forward the girl now caught one of the prisoners, a bent, white-haired old man, in her arms and pressed him to her heart wildly repeating—

"'My father! Save my father!'

"Had the officers in command sickened of their ghastly office? Did they hail this opportunity of showing mercy? Or did they shrink from a hateful, a revolting struggle? For fiercely and more fiercely still that young frail girl clung to her pretended father, determined as all could see, either to save him or fall by his side——"

Here the voice of our story-teller faltered, then she smiled through her tears.

"But, thank God, the age of miracles is not yet past. The crowds so brutal just before, smiled, wept, applauded; the officers in charge shrugged their shoulders, and nodded by way of assent; more dead than alive the old man was pushed towards the pavement with his deliverer."

"And did the history end there?" asked one of us.

"Then and there! My informant, who as I have said, witnessed the scene, could only learn that the pair were

absolutely strangers to each other. Something in the prisoner's aspect perhaps had appealed to the girl, he might have recalled a relation or kind protector of her youth. I prefer to think otherwise, and that she was angelically, sublimely drawn towards the personification of despair!"

"And now," said our hostess, "let me tell you another story of the Commune, this time a romance out-romancing 'Monte Cristo' itself, and the hero of which was well known to me. Some years since a priest, whom I will call the Abbé Petit, quitted the *soutane* and Rome for conscience sake. He was a remarkable man, and indeed most of these recalcitrant priests are remarkable men;* with him, as was the case with my husband, a passion of pity dominated intellectual force. With him he was a born apostle of humanity. I may say that he was our friend, for to us both he came in the hour of spiritual conflict. I add, too," here again the speaker's eyes glistened, "that we were proud to help him in the after and hardly less poignant struggle for bread. All would-be saviours of their kind are visionaries, illuminati, semi-lunatics, and the Abbé Petit, Monsieur Petit I will call him, formed no exception to the rule. Being now

* Twenty-five years ago the great secessional movement now witnessed in France had not begun. An apostate from the priesthood was then no matter of every day.

a layman and a civilian, he took to himself a wife, of course no suitable companion, no well-educated, well brought-up, conscientious woman, who would have been a helpmeet indeed. He yielded to a fatal overmastering passion. His partner, a girl of great beauty, was his partner in misfortune, like himself a pariah, an outcast; in the words of scripture, their hands were against every man and against both was every man's hand. Being an accomplished scholar, however, as well as a man of honourable repute, his new friends obtained for him a position in the United States. He was soon engaged as French master and lecturer upon French literature in a university of the South. Cheerfully, in so far at least as anyone whose career has been wrecked for conscience' sake could be so, he started with his wife for New Orleans. Here I come to one chapter in this most strange history which will ever remain conjecture. Half-way between Bordeaux and the American port, the *Cordouan*, that was the name of the ship, was wrecked; the particulars I do not remember, I only knew that few if any lives were lost, and that M. Petit, after seeing his wife safely into one of the boats, was himself rescued by means of a raft. From that moment till the events I am about to relate the pair never met. The unhappy man made every effort to obtain information about his lost wife, advertised in American and European papers, set agencies to work, but in vain. Lived she still, was

she hiding from him, or had she perished on that fearful night, perished unobserved, in the agony of panic leaving no trace behind? His own opinion none ever knew. Time passed on, and this uncertainty so preyed upon our friend's mind that intellectual routine and assiduity to daily tasks became impossible. He had meanwhile inherited a modicum of fortune, the barest pittance yet sufficing for the ascetic he was, so on the eve of the war he returned to France, to Paris. Throughout that Arctic winter—who can ever forget it?—he served as an ambulance attendant on the ramparts. Tall, spare, muscular, possessing an extraordinary, I may say, an arch-power of physical and mental resistance, no privations or labours seemed to exhaust him. Pity and perhaps indifference to life made him appear superhuman, absolutely insensible to bodily claims; cold, hunger, nakedness, fatigue, all these were no more to him than to the Fakirs of Indian legend. It was only natural that such a man should be drawn into the Commune, his history as sketched here, makes this apparent. Sufficient for him that the cause of insurrection seemed the cause of patriotism, and of the poor, much-tried, long-suffering people! Natural was it, too, that he should resolve to perish with his comrades, scorning alike flight and concealment.

"The eve of wholesale executions had come. Alone in his cell he was stoically preparing for death, when

without warning, the door opened and a woman stood before him. Vice ever finds a passport when virtue knocks in vain! The courtezan enters freely when the sister of charity is frowned away. A glance told him to what class his visitor belonged. His first impulse was of horror. What had the votary of licence to do with dying men? Then the feeling gave way to passionate pity. Was she not victim rather than culprit? And might not a compassionate woman's heart beat under that garish guise?

"'Poor woman!'" he murmured motioning her away. "The person you seek is not here."

"The intruder shook her head, and without a word held out a paper, signed pardon with his name in full. Not to take leave then, not for a last hand-clasp or kiss had she come, but to announce deliverance! The parchment was put back sadly, yet without real disappointment. Life had so little hold on him!

"'There is error here; lose not a moment in having it rectified,' he said, again pointing to the door; but she shook her head, and a glance, a word, told the rest.

"This saviour, this messenger of freedom was his long-lost wife. She had never loved him, union with such a man had proved unbearable. Self-sought divorce meant to her lawlessness, love so-called, pleasure. But such restitution as lay in her power she now made. With the price of her beauty she had ransomed his life."

"And what became of the pair?" we asked.

"Can the Ethiop change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" was the reply. "The woman went her way, the man his—across the Manche. I hear from him occasionally. He is French tutor in some public institution."

CHAPTER IX.

STORY-TELLING (*continued*).

An aftermath of horrors.—A timid ring at the bell.—"Dost thou not know me, Guépin?"—"Le délire de la mort."—A travesty.—M. Jules Simon's mission.

"BUT horrors did not end on the plain of Satory; we were destined to witness an aftermath," resumed my friend. "Suffering upon suffering had rendered my countrymen inexorable. And, I confess it, nothing endured at the hand of the enemy afflicted me so much as the pitilessness of Frenchmen to Frenchmen, the vengeance wreaked by brethren upon brethren. Consider the murder of the good Archbishop of Paris and the curé of Madeleine, the poor curé who loved life so dearly, who rebelled, as well he might, against pinchbeck martyrdom! Thiers was my husband's friend. Thiers has done great things for France, but I must say it, the blood of those two priests lies on his head! Again and again the leaders of the Commune would fain have parleyed, offering to exchange the pair for Blanqui and another. Thiers in refusing sealed their fate. No, I cannot find it in my heart to forgive him. The time was

ripe for mercy. Instead, those unhappy Communards who had escaped trial were hunted down ruthlessly as Girondins by the Committee of Public Safety.

"Well, let me tell you some of my own stories, incidents that happened under our very roof and during my husband's prefectship.

"One evening, just as we were sitting down to dinner, there came a timid ring at the front bell. A celebrated oculist, a philanthropist, to say nothing of a prefect, is of course never 'not at home!' in other words, if in the house he is at everybody's beck and call, and at such times, as you will see, all the more necessary was it to admit anyone, to hear what all had to say; our household, too, was trained to the business. By this time they had become pretty good physiognomists, especially Mariette, my Druidess, whom you know.

"'*Mon Dieu!* wife, am I never to swallow my soup in peace?' cried my poor husband. Resignedly all the same he threw down his napkin and rose from the table. After a few minutes the door of his consulting-room opened and I heard quickly-uttered orders—

"'Quick, Mariette, warm water, more light, and bid madame not wait for me—an operation.'

"It was then a patient, perhaps some peasant who had tramped from remotest Brittany to be couched, such occurences were of every day? Nor did his next order startle me.

"'The keys of the linen-press, please, madame,' said Mariette reappearing. 'I am to make up a bed for the poor fellow in M. le Préfet's smaller consulting-room.'

"Mariette, with the rest, invariably dropped 'M. le Docteur' for 'M. le Préfet.' Well, this arrangement did not at all surprise any of us. My husband often lodged his poorer patients from a distance, especially in case of very delicate operations. When, however, he rejoined me half-an-hour later, I saw that something unusual had happened. Throughout his term of office he had been most severely tried. Sedan and Metz had aged him by twenty years; the Commune and savage reprisals of M. Thiers' government finished the work. He was now a broken-down man.

"'Mariette, take my patient soup and bread; no word remember, he must remain perfectly still,' he said; then he went on, or rather tried to go on, with his own dinner. Never during that fearful time had I seen him more disturbed. When we were alone in the drawing-room he told his story. On the threshold he had encountered a tattered, cowering figure, as he thought, some escaped gallows-bird, some outcast who had heard of one door ever open to the homeless, one hand ever outstretched to the unhappy?

"'Here, my poor fellow, and God be with you? had said my husband, proffering a piece of money; then he

heard his name uttered, not his name only, but the 'thee' and 'thou' of schoolboy days.

"'Guépin,' whispered, rather sobbed the other, 'dost thou not know me? Thy comrade, Armand of the Lycée?'

"It was a dearly-loved schoolfellow of early youth, a man only a few months before holding a high position as University professor. Like the Doctor he was an advanced democrat and social reformer. He had taken part, or was supposed to have taken part, in the Commune, had undergone trial at Versailles, and was condemned to death, the sentence being afterwards commuted to penal servitude.

"How with another he contrived to escape from prison, I need not tell you; escape he did. For days and days the pair led an existence recalling that of the proscribed Girondins, Buzot and Pétion, tramping miles of country at night, from dawn till sunset hiding themselves as best they could. Their sufferings were terrible, and at length they decided to part company. Armand making for Nantes, his companion for the South.

"Our 'patient' stayed three weeks with us, his eyes bandaged as of one operated upon for cataract, his room darkened, not a soul about the place suspecting the truth. If indeed anyone had suspected it, the good Dr. Guépin, thus was he ever called, had nothing to fear. His worst enemies, the worst enemies of the principles

he held so dear, would never have dared to touch him then. There is a kind, rather I should say, a pitch of goodness that hems a man round, becomes his palladium. Metaphorically speaking, he wears a coat of mail. Thus was it with Ange Guépin."

"And the second refugee," I asked. "Did he too find a deliverer?"

Our hostess's face, so majestic when thus moved by intensest pity, clouded over.

"Do not let us talk of it," she replied. "There are some things too sad for words. Worn to a skeleton, as he said of himself, turning wolfish from hunger, and unheard of privations, the unhappy man gave himself up to the authorities, and was duly shipped for Cayenne. Ah, Cayenne, Cayenne! How true of Frenchmen then that awful sentence of Tacitus, 'they hated each other with the hatred of brothers.' Ask me about Cayenne some other time. Now let me tell you of an escape that was really whimsical."

And the narrator smiled, as she often did through her tears. Not that she was by nature lachrymose, what she called certain of her feminine acquaintances, "une saule pleureur" (a weeping willow). The recollection of her husband's magnanimity ever moved her deeply. We must remember that it was here a Prefect who had put compassion before red tape, and Christian before civic duty. A rationalist in the eyes of his detractors, an

atheist, forsooth! into every word and deed of his life he put the teaching of Jesus Christ.

"Strange that any story of those awful times should awaken a smile," resumed Madame Guépin, "but the most terrible tragedy of our day had occasionally a comic side. Our next refugee was a woman, who with many another had escaped the *mitrailleuse* against her will. You may well look aghast, dear friend, so it was. I have not yet spoken of one mental epidemic that followed the siege, *le délire de la mort,* the frenzied falling in love with death. Think of the pass to which folks were brought. The *mitrailleuse* seemed a friend! Well, Adrienne (thus will I call my heroine) could not get over this affront; in her case, affront it seemed. A self-styled *pétroleuse* (don't suppose that she ever struck a match with mischievous intent), a would-be uprooter of the bourgeoisie, a Communarde of Communards, she had nevertheless been overlooked or deemed of no account. Most likely her pronouncements were regarded in the light of mental aberration. Overcome with these indignities, Adrienne took to her pen, inditing inflammatory diatribes against M. Thiers, openly inciting the people to a second and bloodier civil war, preaching anarchy, destruction, heaven knows what. At last the police thought it well to interpose, but by the time her arrest was decided upon—the passion for martyrdom had cooled. Adrienne became suddenly as anxious to escape

the *mitrailleuse* or Cayenne as once she had hungered and thirsted after jail or death.

"Of course she fled to us, for she was of our friends, and a better-hearted, cleverer, alas! I must add, more wrong-headed creature never lived. We soon hit upon the neatest possible mode of escape. Mariette, our Druidess, had a sister who was lay sister, acting as dairymaid in a poor little convent near Pontivy. This working nun always spent a few days with Mariette every year, it was her way of taking a holiday. What easier then to keep Marie-Jeanne indoors for a couple of days, and meanwhile despatch Adrienne in conventual garb to St. Brieuc, thence to Jersey? So we laid our plans, and to make sure of no miscarriage, arranged that Mariette should accompany the pseudo nun to her destination, seeing her safely aboard.

"But there are some physiognomies and figures that defy disguise. Could you only have witnessed that dressing-up! When black robe and wimple, rosary and girdle, were adjusted, we made fast doors and windows, and master, mistress, and maids laughed their fill. The get-up was so preposterous, the masquerade so apparent! For if ever a demagogue in petticoats looked her part, it was our poor Adrienne. And she had a peppery temper. The more merriment we made, the angrier she became. At last she could bear it no longer.

"'No, no,' she cried, tearing off her lendings. 'Dress

me up as a country wench, a street-walker, anything you please, but wear this garb, in my eyes symbol of mediæval superstition and darkness, never! The mere dangling of these beads would madden me. Better by far be haled to the hulks, rejoin my poor partners in misfortune at Cayenne, than thus travesty myself, falsify the only claims I have upon society and my kind."

"We succeeded at last in talking her over. Big baskets, such as countrywomen carry to market, were filled with cheap shoppings, earthenware, yarn, spice, and so on; and the pair, thus laden, took the night train to St. Brieuc, no one interfering with them.

"Next morning early Adrienne crossed to Jersey, where she still remains, home-sick, rather Paris-sick enough.

"But that aftermath of horrors would fill a volume, a volume awful in the reading," added our story-teller. "Some time after these events, our friend Jules Simon, then minister, was deputed to Brest, his mission being an inspection of the *déportés,* in other words, the unhappy Communards shipped for Cayenne. The nature of their sufferings may be gathered from his own. How can I put anything so horrible into decent language? "Eh bien, notre pauvre ami était mangé par la vermine."*

* Our poor friend was eaten up by vermin."

"The Republic treated its prisoners as Napoleon the Third and his pretorians had treated the victims of their *coup d'état*.* Pity, pity—was that word to be banished from our dictionary?"

It was not banished from the Place Cambronne anyhow. The traditional charity of the good doctor was kept up. As a sovereign his widow now held her court, but a court of the forlorn, the troubled, the despairing! Day after day the petitioners poured in, some wanting one thing, some another, no matter the nature of folk's troubles, they fled to her. Now it was some little waif she fitted out for sea, now some girl student she helped in her studies. Many came for advice, not a few for her good word, most, naturally enough, for money, and the crowning sadness of such a life was the necessity of saying "no."

If her benevolences afforded matter of surprise, still more astonishing was the thrift by which they were effected. The Guépins of the world are never rich.

* Here is a sample. "Between the 1st and 26th March 1853, between two and three thousand *déportés*, among whom were fifty-seven ladies, were disembarked at Algerian ports, and as many more at Cayenne. On the voyage to the latter place the weather was terrific. Prisoners and gendarmes rolled together on the floor in the agonies of sea-sickness. The port-holes were closed, and the sufferings from thirst and want of air hideous. The food of the prisoners consisted of worm-eaten biscuits and beans, served to all in a common dish." Magen, *Histoire du Second Empire.* Paris, 1871.

My hostess's entire income was very limited. Yet on the modest sum-total she had ever money for causes at heart, ever a cover for dropper-in, ever the dignified consciousness of surperfluity, an over and above for the evil day, whether her own or that of another.

CHAPTER X.

A REPUBLICAN OF '30.

Oculist, philanthropist, and politician.—A Jesuitical manœuvre.—The story of a statue.—A grand lying-in-state.—"Aux plus déshérités le plus d'amour."

GUÉPIN OF NANTES is now a historic figure. The philanthropist, the social reformer, the savant may in time be forgotten. The colleague of Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and the little group known as "The Republicans of '30" belongs to French history. No need for the statues raised to his memory at Nantes and at Pontivy, his birthplace, no need for the street nomenclature in both towns recalling his name. When local traditions of the good doctor have faded away, the founder of Breton democracy will retain his niche in the national Walhalla. For Dr. Guépin's first title of honour is nothing less than this, he it was who sowed the good seed in Western France, who having put his hand to the plough, never once looked back. Boldly, unremittingly, at the risk of fortune, freedom, life itself, he stood up during the Monarchy of July and Second Empire, for

liberty and conscience, representative government, and the supremacy of law.

It is difficult for students of history nowadays to realise the self-imposed task of such men, the terribly slow spread of their ideas. When Ange Guépin was in his prime, that is to say, on the accession of Louis Philippe, leading Republicans could be counted on the fingers. In the words of M. Lebon ("Cent ans d'histoire contemporaine"): "If the republican idea had a few partisans among the people of Paris, hardly so much could be said of the provinces." But the little group, the "Republicans of '30," never lost heart. Despite the gagging of the press, and the laws against association and public speaking, they pursued their quiet way, the propaganda being slow but sure. Naturally enough Louis Napoleon had his eye upon these men from the first, and naturally enough after the events of December, his pretorians dragged Dr. Guépin before a council of war. But his bitterest enemies could bring absolutely nothing against him, and he was permitted to return to Nantes, there pursuing his beneficent career till broken down by Sedan and Metz. For upwards of forty years he laboured as an oculist, a social worker and writer, in each career attaining considerable eminence. He might indeed have died a millionaire, his wide-spread reputation bringing patients from remotest parts of France; at

one time so numerous were his patients that he held two consultations daily, sometimes seeing no less than forty persons. But what he received with one hand, he gave away with the other, his style of living being always simple in the extreme.

Two questions chiefly occupied Dr. Guépin as a reformer and thinker, namely, the advancement of women, and the education, moral, economic and political, of the working-classes. With regard to the first question, he will be found in accordance with John Stuart Mill.

In one of his works published so far back as 1835, occur the following passages, which are a key-note to the line of thought and action afterwards adopted—

"Whilst a youth once having entered the world leads an existence essentially active and varied, his sister remains at home busy with her embroidery. She reads little, perhaps because her parents have neither the time nor the inclination to choose books for her use. Now, we hold it a crying injustice thus to leave a young girl self-centred and thrown entirely upon her own resources; having no knowledge of the world, and no basis upon which to build a future except such personal experience, she conceives a wholly fanciful and unreal existence, living upon visions, misusing her sensibilities.

This vicious system of education so-called, is one of the most active agents in bringing about hysteria, nervous disease, and other maladies engendered of a sedentary, self-conscious life." ("Histoire de Nantes.") Could the truth be better, more succinctly put? Elsewhere, in his most important work, "Philosophie du XIXième Siècle," and in his one romance, "Marie de Beauval," only part of which was ever published, he enlarges upon the same theme, and anticipates the *Lycée* for girls, and the gradual progress in the position of Frenchwomen generally. No abuse escaped him, and in the above-mentioned romance he gives an excellent chapter upon dress!

Dr. Guépin died too soon to see his fondest dreams realised, the consolidation of the Republic, the revolution in female education and above all, the career of medicine opened to Frenchwomen.

For many years husband and wife had planned a winter residence in Paris, offering a home to girl students of the Sorbonne. This scheme was never carried out, but the first woman physician in France owed her position to the material help and advice of Dr. Guépin. His *protégée* still holds an important medical post in Paris.

Strange to say, although named Prefect by the government of September in 1870, Dr. Guépin had not once been elected deputy of the chamber. Highly illustrative

is the following incident, immensely does it throw light on actual events, the Ultramontane campaign to-day carried against the bogus "Syndicat du trahison," in other words, the brave men and women clamouring for the supremacy of law!

On the occasion of the general election of 1869 the vast majority of Nantais voted for Dr. Guépin, but the Imperial candidate was returned by the agricultural voters. With Jesuitical tact the village *curés* had introduced the following argument into their Sunday sermon: "Now, my brethren, let us put the matter clearly before you; thereon, ponder well. You are called upon, my dear brothers, to select one of two candidates to represent you in Parliament. Remember that one of these two is he who heals you when you are sick, who restores sight to the blind, who not only heals you and makes you see, but is a veritable father to the poor, dispensing charity to all in need of it; I ask you, who will fill his place if he goes to Paris?" The consummate ingenuity of this reasoning makes us almost forgive the authors!

The first act of the new Prefect sets forth his character as a man.

Among the doctor's fellow-students had been Billault, who afterwards abandoned liberal ideas, becoming one of the ministers and most determined supporters of Na-

poleon the Third. When Billault died his partisans erected his statue at Nantes, much against the better judgment of many. The fall of the Second Empire came, and the first cry of the Nantais populace was, "Down with Billault's statue!" On September 4, an exasperated multitude numbering several thousands, assembled round the statue with ropes and pulleys, determined to pull it down and drag it into the Loire. Refusing any escort Dr. Guépin hastened to the scene unarmed and alone, confronting the infuriated crowd.

"Fellow-citizens," he cried, "I forbid you to touch this statue, but I promise that in four-and-twenty hours it shall be safely handed over to Billault's family!"

The few, resolute words were enough. Not to the people's hearts and consciences had the newly named Prefect spoken, but their "good Guépin." With one accord the hitherto unmanageable masses melted away, meek as schoolchildren. And according to promise the statue was duly removed.

This incident calls up whimsical reflections. Let us suppose, or rather imagine, another Hundred Days, brief reign of Roi This or Emperor That. What a hauling down of statues would take place throughout the country! How would poor little *chef-lieux* be shorn of their marble splendour! And what tragi-comic encounters and scrimmages would ensue! Without doubt

the theme will some day inspire composers of comic opera or burlesque. The wonder is it has been neglected so long.

Here I may mention a fact not generally known and which perhaps accounts for the mania of statue-raising in France.

That arch-despot and littlest of mortal born, Louis Quatorze, prohibited the erection of any statue but his own. Folks might admire him in marble as much as they pleased, but none else, not even the great Molière and others, whose shoe-lace the "Roi Soleil" was not worthy to untie. Revolution did away with this, as well as with many another monopoly. It was not, however, till the establishment of the Third Republic that the statue became the right of every Frenchman, and I may add, Frenchwoman attaining eminence. Interesting it would be to have in figures the precise number of these monuments raised since September 4, 1870! Dr. Guépin has two, and my Angevine hostess of the next chapter is equally distinguished.

Named Prefect of the Loire Inférieure after Sedan, Dr. Guépin entered zealously on his new duties, never for a moment neglecting the old.

Onerous indeed was his post. The Prussians menaced Brittany, the western departments had to be protected, whilst local affairs presented anxieties without

number. Hundreds of families were fleeing to the Channel Islands and England, alike rich and poor, aristocrats and republicans sought his help and advice. But it was the fall of Metz more than Herculean labours that broke him down. He died suddenly in May 1873, aged sixty-eight.

The news of his death spread like lightning from end to end of Brittany, and tens of thousands flocked to gaze upon those well-beloved features for the last time. No lying-in-state of world-renowned hero ever drew larger, more sorrowing crowds than the simple death-chamber of "the good Guépin." Touching it was to see the train of peasant-folk—men, women, and children—who had made long journeys afoot to bid their benefactor adieu.

"Oh! do not refuse me," urged one old peasant who arrived on the eve of the funeral, "I have come thirty leagues to see his face and touch his hand for the last time."

The following to the grave was an immense, indeed, an unparalleled popular demonstration. Never had such a scene been witnessed at Nantes.

The service was of course purely civil. This was inevitable in the case of a man who had throughout his life abjured dogma and sacerdotalism. But of him even rigid Protestants might say, his sins which are

many are forgiven, for he loved much. On his tomb is engraved the maxim of his life; can any calendar of saints show one more beautiful, more akin to the pure undiluted teaching of Christ?

"Aux plus déshérités le plus d'amour." (To the most forlorn let us give the most love.)

This exquisite sentence is the motto of his principal work, "Philosophie du XIXième Siècle." With words no less heart-searching and lovely, the book ends.

"Aimer, c'est vivre; être aimé c'est vivre encore." (To love is to live; to be beloved is to live twice over.)

In person Dr. Guépin resembled his wife, being of noble proportions and presence. Tall, handsome, imposing, with Breton characteristics was mingled true Gallic humour. He had too—what master spirit was ever without?—his whimsicalities. One of these was in the matter of dress. An ardent admirer of the Revolution, he affected Revolutionary dress, and for many years his "collet Robespierre," or full muslin necktie à la Robespierre, was a joke with his friends. It must be admitted that the fashion was becoming.

Madame Guépin died in 1889, and her funeral also was the occasion of an immense demonstration. But with a difference. Whilst the doctor's interment had been a civil ceremony as befitted an avowed rationalist,

his wife was interred according to the rites of the Reformed Church.

They lie side by side, his own motto, here his epitaph, being equally appropriate to herself—

"Aux plus déshérités le plus d'amour."

CHAPTER XI.

A STORY OF HIDDEN TREASURE.

The lady of two statues.—Rustic hospitality.—Self-sufficing housewifery.—A deathbed revelation.—Mushroom relations.—A device.

LITTLE did I dream that my next hostess, Madame G—— L—— of St. Georges-des-sept-Voies in Anjou, was also destined to immortality in marble, with her friend "the good Guépin," to be honoured by two public monuments! But France is the land of agreeable surprises and possibilities; of France we may say as of Cleopatra, "Time cannot stale her infinite variety," nor, to use a homelier simile, exhaust the contents of her lucky-bag.

The elderly châtelaine who now welcomed me so cordially recalled Queen Philippa, as pourtrayed in Westminster Abbey. On either cheek were great rolls of hair after the manner of the third Edward's spouse. Not without pretensions to a *bel esprit,* Madame G—— L—— relegated domestic duties to her husband, a homely, ruddy octogenarian standing six feet in his stockings, and still straight as a poplar. Both were

ardent Republicans, strongly imbued with socialist principles, and both lived with their humblier neighbours on terms of affectionate intimacy. During my somewhat lengthy visit, we had little breakfast and dinner-parties of peasant farmers, we took afternoon collations in one cottage after another. Indeed to none of my French entertainers was I ever more indebted for initiation into rural life.

This country house had been built on to the original farmstead, now made over to their *"fermier"* or bailiff. It was of the simplest. Little did I dream when I lay down in my bedchamber, with its bare walls and brick floors, what treasure lay above, around, below. Little did I dream when opening the window at sunrise, feasting my eyes on the yellow cornfields, that a fairy wand was to turn all this homeliness and rusticity into gold!

The daily routine was old-fashioned in the extreme. At half-past ten o'clock we breakfasted, for the verb *"luncher"* had not as yet been introduced into France. At five o'clock we dined, the essentially farm-house fare being excellent and well cooked.

Stockingless, his bare feet thrust into sabots lined with straw, Desiré, the man of all work, footman, gardener, coachman, handed round the dishes. Stockingless and

in wooden shoes also, housemaid and dairy-maid clattered about the place.

I must now go more fully into the domestic commissariat, apparent excess of detail being justified later on. So self-supporting seemed this Angevin farm that I really could think of nothing but coffee and perhaps lucifer matches that had to be bought. Fish, flesh and fowl of course abounded, nor do fruit and vegetables varied as in the tropics require enumeration. Home-grown too were wine, liqueurs and cordials. More of a novelty seemed home-made oil produced from the walnut, home-made vinegar from the grape, home-made methylated spirit, to say nothing of tonics, laxatives, unguents, cough mixtures. But the crowning surprise to an English visitor was yet to come. Monsieur's shirts, Madame's under-garments were made of home-spun linen. My host and hostess then lived with a minimum of expenditure. It seemed indeed easier to set it down at zero. They owned a house at Angers it is true, in which they passed the winter months, and there were taxes and servants' wages to pay—the last moderate enough at this time: here outlay ended. By hundreds rather than thousands of francs must their yearly spending have been reckoned. Perhaps, thought I, no more could be afforded, although in confidence Madame G—— L—— would assert the contrary.

"A Frenchwoman, dear Mademoiselle," she again and again repeated to me, "never enjoys her fortune till she dies, that is to say, if married, she cannot touch a penny without her husband's permission, but if childless, alas! like myself, she is privileged to will it away. I assure you that for years past I have plagued M. G—— L—— to give me the money for a new silk gown, but I shall never get it—not as long as he lives anyhow."

This union of a *bel esprit* and a *compagnard* or homely farmer had not been of the happiest. The loss too of their only child had saddened both. The wife sought relief in a sentimental correspondence savouring of precosity with an elderly sympathiser of the other sex. They interchanged weekly letters upon art and letters, tender little confidences relieving intellectual strain. The husband threw heart and soul into Republican propaganda, wine-making, and another hobby, a passion, as will be seen hereafter.

Just ten years later I paid a second visit to Madame G—— L——, now a widow. How had matters changed!

Instead of the lumbering old hooded vehicle of former years, a smart brougham awaited me at the

station. No longer in cotton gown but in rustling silk—the silk she had dreamed of half a lifetime!—my hostess embraced me on the threshold, by her side a *dame de compagnie* or lady companion, housekeeper and secretary.

Desiré, the same invaluable manservant, now served us in elegant footman's undress, the maids had abandoned wooden shoes and local costume for bourgeois dress. The little drawing-room had been refurnished, new books and periodicals strewed the table. On every side were evidences of money-spending. The very genius of modernity reigned supreme. My friend had meanwhile changed. The old vivacity was there, but failing sight and infirmity forbade the active life of former days. Accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, she now took daily drives like any court duenna.

Balzac would have made a masterpiece out of the confidences she forthwith poured into my ear. The facts shall be related without circumlocution or embellishment. Monsieur G—— L—— with the majority of his countrymen was a rationalist, and, unlike many, he had the courage of his opinions. No priest was permitted to enter his death-chamber. He did, however, make a confession, surely the strangest that ever fell from dying lips.

"My good wife," he began, when the attendants had been sent out of the room, "you have often accused me of parsimony in the management of our affairs, but you will now discover that all along I only acted in your interest. Henceforth you are a rich woman. That you will make an excellent use of your fortune I do not for a moment doubt." Dropping his voice to a whisper he then entered into minute details: under the eaves here, she would find so much scrip, walled up there, so much gold, between the lower tiles of such and such an out-house were wedged bank-notes, in the uppermost of another, deeds and securities. The inventory of this hidden treasure he had at his tongue's end, and fortunately failing strength held out till the last item was told. High and low, right and left, without and within, the house and premises were virtually lined with money, and money's worth, not a few of the receptacles being preposterous enough, even unnameable. And alike schedule and testament were verbal. In terror of parasites and importuners, perhaps equally afraid of elegance and show, the old farmer had never committed himself to paper. Neither husband nor wife having any next of kin, a will was not of course strictly necessary; moreover, the making of a will implies notary's fee, and above all publicity. And when the funeral rites were over, like his great friend and examplar, Dr. Guépin,

Monsieur G—— L—— was buried without Romish ceremonial, the general ransacking proved no disillusion. My hostess woke up, not only to silk gowns but to a large fortune! She now enjoyed an income treble that of a Cardinal Archbishop, Colonial Governor, or General of Division!

I now come to scenes and episodes to which only a Balzac could do justice. Monsieur and Madame were so unfortunate—or shall we say, the reverse?—as to be positively without kith or kin, neither possessing a single blood-relation in the world. Here I may explain that such a circumstance is by no means abnormal, hardly indeed rare in France. The French family consisting usually of a unit, at most of two children, these two are bound alike by tradition and custom, perhaps also by necessity, to seek only sons or only daughters, *i. e.* heirs or heiresses in marriage; hence the dwindling of all descended from a common stock. What easier than to make out blood-relationship or at least to claim affinity? If it be true, moreover, that ill news travels apace, equally true is it that the chink of gold needs no telegraph-wire. How the news of Madame's good fortune spread nobody knew. Spread like wildfire it did, and ere many weeks were out she numbered as large a family as any patriarch in the book of Chronicles.

From all parts of France and remotest corners of

French territory they sprang up, cousins second and third, nephews and nieces, foster-sisters and foster-brothers; there seemed no end to the number or variety. And the claimants differed no less than the nature of their claims. Some were of high degree, some of low, now a letter bore a coronet, and now showed the work of the public scrivener.* One intruder, for most made personal visits, dashed up with high steppers and liveried lacqueys; the next would be a limping, out-at-elbows figure, mistaken by the serving-folk for a tramper.

The carriage-folk had one object in view, the trudger afoot another; all expressed themselves overjoyed at their own windfall, the finding of a new, charming and generous kinswoman.

My hostess's Gallic wit proved more than equal to the occasion. Not for a single second duped by this locust-like invasion, never for a moment losing self-mastery or apparent good-humour, she hit upon a scheme Jesuitical in its ingenuity.

Not many months after that unearthing of bonds, paper-money and gold pieces, the following notice appeared in all the local papers:—

* At Nantes in 1875-6, this notice might be seen: "Écrivain publique, 10 centimes par lettre."

"We are authorised to state that the widow of our late esteemed fellow-citizen, Monsieur G—— L——, has made over the bulk of her fortune to the town of Angers for charitable purposes, the donor constituting herself a life-annuitant of the municipality."

Such indeed was the case. The matter was settled on strictly legal ground, Madame G—— L—— making her own conditions. She was to receive a certain income for life, I believe a thousand a year, and enjoy the possession of both town and country house, at her decease the proceeds of these and all vested funds being devoted to the foundation of a Protestant orphanage and other useful objects. Needless to say that the device succeeded.

From the date of that little announcement relations dropped off, second and third cousins, nephews and nieces, foster-sister and foster-brothers grew cold. Henceforth came no rat-tat-tat of liveried lacqueys, no gushing effusions on scented note-paper bearing a coronet, only the back-door ring of poor waifs and strays, or the business-like application of charity-mongers.

Thus it came about that whilst Georges Sand has one monument erected to her memory, my hostess has two. The grateful municipality not only erected a pillar with portrait in bas-relief opposite her dwelling, but a second and more imposing commemorative stone in the

cemetery. And on what a cobweb do human events and marble immortality hang! Had Monsieur G—— L—— died suddenly, that farmhouse and its outlying premises might have been lined with gold and bank-notes to this day!

CHAPTER XII.

ANGEVINE AND ANECDOTAL.

Gambetta and the ladies' round-robin.—The raid on the pastry-cooks.—"Notre bouillant évêque."—Quacks in petticoats.—A kid-napped turkey.

I NOW go back to my first stay with Madame G—— L——, that is to say, before her widowhood, and before her finding of fairy gold.

At this time I had not seen the young dictator whose personality for a brief period dwarfed every other in France, and who was still the hope and mainstay of the Republic. Under such a roof I naturally heard a good deal concerning Gambetta, especially as my host's house at Angers had been his headquarters during the famous journey of two years before, that democratic progress throughout France, followed by such tooth-and-nail en-counters of reaction and democracy and final Republican triumphs.

Had he lived, Gambetta would never have reigned at the Élysée; his heartiest admirers acknowledged so much. As I have elsewhere remarked, nowhere is domestic austerity more venerated than in France. Re-

fined, strictly virtuous men and women may amuse themselves with novels recalling our own drama of the Restoration; but when it comes to the choice of a President, splendid mental gifts, rare amiabilities may be thrown into the bargain, his first, his essential qualification must be that of a paterfamilias *sans peur et sans reproche*. Here Gambetta was weighed in the balance and found wanting; in all other respects how magnificently endowed! In his person, courage, patriotism, self-devotion attained the acme. His own ideal of life was not that of a Darby and Joan; and who knows? a wedding-ring, a decorous fireside, and "the old man of forty," as he was called, might have been alive and in full bodily and mental vigour to-day, hurling his thunders at cowering intriguers and ministers with a second, "Il faut se soumettre ou se démettre" (render justice, or resign).

"Le plus aimable des aimables," kindest of the kind, was Madame G—— L——'s characterisation of her great guest.

"I will now illustrate this trait of Gambetta by something that happened under my own roof," she began one day as we sat in the garden. "Of course during his short stay at Angers he was literally taken possession of by the other sex, public men, journalists and others, we poor women hardly obtaining so much as a glimpse of his coat-tails. This was more than flesh and blood could

stand, so I induced a dozen or so of ladies, all like myself good Republicans, to sign a round-robin inviting him to a ladies' breakfast, no other male visitor being present but my husband. In the most affable manner Gambetta accepted. I took especial pains with my menu, and I only wish, dear Mademoiselle, that you had been present. Never was a banquet more successful, gayer, more animated. Gambetta was simply bewitching; he accepted our poor little compliments with the utmost gallantry,—I must tell you that we were all elderly or middle-aged,—and exerted himself to entertain us. One of his anecdotes I will repeat, as it throws light on the history of the war. During his dictatorship, he told us, he ordered a general raid upon pastry-cooks throughout France. Cartridge paper had run short, and every cracker, now worth its weight in gold, was requisitioned for the army."

Another conspicuous personality of these Angevin days was the late Bishop Freppel, "notre bouillant évêque," our fiery bishop, as his flock called him. Mr. Hamerton truly remarks in one of his Anglo-French volumes, that important as may be a French bishop during his lifetime, no sooner is he dead than forgotten.

The "bouillant évêque" of Angers furnishes an instance in point.

No French prelate contrived to make more noise

whilst he lived; whenever is his name so much as mentioned now?

Bishop Freppel lived in perpetual hot water, not only with Protestants and Republicans, but with his own flock. The overbearing spirit of our own archbishop Thomas possessed him. War to the knife he ever waged against any manifestation of progress or the scientific spirit. From the faithful he exacted the most slavish submission, the least little sign of revolt being punished after mediæval methods. Never indeed was mediævalism more completely embodied than in his handsome person. "That man who believes in miracles," wrote Hume, "is himself a miracle." Miraculous here seemed the elimination of every modern tendency, the entire, the uncompromising casting out of the reasoning faculty.

"Ah! our fiery bishop," began my hostess one day, "he is worth any money; we should indeed lead a dull life without him. Only a year or two ago Angers was thrown into a pretty state of commotion. For some reason or other just before Easter, Monseigneur excommunicated the municipal council in a body, that is to say, he prohibited them from what is called the Blessed Sacrament and Confession in his diocese. Well, we had an old friend then member of the council, a good Republican, at the same time a Catholic. The poor man was in a great dilemma.

"'Mais il faut que je fasse mes Pâques, moi!' he said.

(I for one must observe my Easter devotions.) Was ever anything more inconvenient?

"So just because the bishop was out of temper with some piece of municipal legislature, our friend had to post off to Rennes or Tours, the journey being excessively fatiguing to one of his age, and also just then a serious interference with other arrangements. However, the thing had to be done. He must either thus put himself out of his way or give up his *Pâques!*"

Many another story did I hear of the fiery bishop, one and all illustrating the same spirit. The bugbear of such a mind was less insubordination among the faithful than influence from without, the slow steady march of progress. Bishop Freppel had the acumen to discern wherein lay the force of effete theologies. He knew as well as Mill could tell him,—a writer by the way quoted in his charges,—that the salvation of society lies in the moral and intellectual elevation of both sexes; he realised that when Frenchwomen were educated in the full sense of the word, sacerdotalism would have no *raison d'être.** Consistently enough, therefore, from his point of view, every attempt to found lay schools for girls of the upper ranks at Angers was opposed by

* Understanding, none better, the full force of Gambetta's noble words, "Let our youths and maidens be made one in intellect before the union of hearts!"

clerical influence and ultimately abandoned.* Again and again public-spirited ladies having high diplomas tried the experiment in vain. More than one was ruined by the scheme. But the bishop had his way, and the educational monopoly of the convent remained intact. It is really worth while glancing at his charges (*Œuvres pastorales* and *Oratoires*) in order to realise the Ultramontane spirit. With a sledge-hammer he comes down upon "les Austin, les Grote, les Sumner Maine," when addressing a congress of Catholic lawyers. Herbert Spencer fares no better than Schopenhauer, for, strange as it may seem, Schopenhauer finds his way into the library of an Ultramontane bishop!

And the latest Parisian toilettes! Nothing is a greater mistake than to imagine an *évêché* de-feminised as a monastery. Not that Bishop Freppel's character was here assailable. But personal austerity and worldliness may well go together, and this insinuating and highly-accomplished prelate knew his Goethe; he had doubtless taken to heart the maxim in 'Tasso,' "Wouldst thou acquire the becoming, what best beseems? then school thyself in the society of high-bred women." There is so much work for nimble fingers at an episcopal palace! Monseigneur's chapel to be garlanded on fête days; monseigneur's dinner-table to be decked for banquets. And

* I write here of 1876. Ten years later *lycées* for girls were opened in every *chef-lieu*.

after the occasional comes the every day. Altarcloths and banners will fade, chasubles require new lace, copes need renewal. Can daughters of the Church find better employment? Can womanly devotion receive higher reward? One day an episcopal smile; on another an episcopal compliment; now a hand-clasp; now perhaps a sweetly-worded, tender suggestion.

When admitted to the *évêché* as a tourist, the place was all a-flutter with muslin skirts, and a hum of feminine voices greeted our ears.

"Monseigneur receives to-night," the manservant informed us, "these ladies are preparing the table decorations."

"It is always so," observed G—— L—— to me as we quitted the palace. "These fine ladies (*mondaines*) are never happy except when buzzing round a bishop."

Without doubt this especial one was excellent society.

Not a day of this summer visit was without its good story, my hostess often reminding me that such reminiscences might prove useful at some time or other. French entertainers not only give their guests "harbour and good company," they try to make them understand their new surroundings, the social atmosphere so unlike that left behind. Thus one afternoon we called upon the nuns, here homely, rough and ready women, amongst

other professions following that of the unqualified medical practitioners.

"Heavens! madame," cried the sister who received us, "if you only knew how driven I have been of late. Every soul in the place wants purging!"

She evidently purged with a vengeance, her little parlour containing drugs enough for an apothecary's shop. I learned indeed that country folks seldom sought treatment elsewhere, and that these female quacks in conventual garb were starving out the country doctor. I use the word "quack" advisedly, whether concerning instructors of the mind or healers of the body; a bishop's *lettre d'obédience* or "character" here does duty for diploma or certificate. Reverend mothers and holy sisters need no more.

I could now understand a circumstance that had greatly puzzled me a short time before.

Whilst passing through Brest with my friend Savine, I had a slight attack of illness, and called in a doctor. This gentleman visited me twice, and to my immense astonishment stated that his fee was four francs, just one shilling and eight-pence for each visit. On mentioning the matter to my travelling companion, she merely said with a raising of the shoulders, "If he asked four francs, that is what he gets elsewhere. What would you have? We are not in Paris!"

But it was not only in Anjou and Brittany that con-

ventual competition starved the country doctors. Some years later, an old woman-servant of French friends near Dijon was savagely attacked by a dog. Instead of sending to the nearest town for a doctor, the nuns were called in; they did their best, and as the patient was healthy, and had never been frightened by the Pasteur Institute, she was soon about her work as usual. But it seemed a strange thing that injuries so terrible had not been entrusted to a qualified medical practitioner, especially as her employers were rich, and the good woman had spent her best years in their service. Here I must believe that habit, rather than parsimony, induced such a course. And, likely enough, poor old Justine had much more faith in *les bonnes sœurs* (the sisters), their simples and counted beads, than in the first doctors of Dijon. Be this as it may, her fearful dog-bites healed up, and she lived for many a year after in good health and spirits, living text for a sermon.

How are we more fastidious mortals handicapped by nerves! Justine's injuries would have frightened the more sensitive of us perhaps into hydrophobia, most certainly into the arms of M. Pasteur. Being innocent of bacteriology, unaffected with microbic scare, she trusted to a little home-made ointment, an extra candle or two in honour of Mother Mary, and there the matter happily ended.

Although advanced Republicans and avowed non-

sectarians, my hosts lived on excellent terms with the parish priest, here a worthy man belonging to the peasant class. We duly called at the presbytery, and in the absence of M. le curé, his mother received us. She wore the pretty butterfly coiffe of the province, coarse cotton gown and wooden shoes, but received us with the easy grace of French people, no matter their rank.

"Ah!" said my hostess when we came away, "there are curés and curés and, grand Dieu! we have had good, bad, and indifferent. But I have never told you the tale of the turkey. You must know that it is customary for parishioners to make the priest annual presents in kind—a cask of wine, a fat goose, a quarter of mutton, and so on, according to everybody's means. Some years ago we had a curé who was a bit of a gourmand as well as a wag, and always on the look-out for what he was pleased to call his perquisites. My husband loved to tease him, and even play little practical jokes, all of course being taken in good part. Well, one year it happened that we had a finer brood of turkeys than usual, and M. le curé had made up his mind to have one for his New Year's dinner. But the broader his hints the deafer and obtuser became my husband. So it went on for weeks, each resolved to outwit the other. At last, either the curé's patience was exhausted, or a glimpse of the turkeys in the last stage of plump-

ness proved too strong a temptation. As he was leaving the house on Christmas Eve the flock was driven into the yard, and quick as lightning down he pounced upon the foremost, a magnificent gobbler weighing sixteen pounds at least. The turkeys set up a gobble, gobble, gobble, the geese screeched, the ducks quacked, the dogs backed, maids and men rushed to see what the hubbub was all about; off ran our curé, nothing daunted, the turkey gobbling, fluttering, and kicking under his arm, himself, what with his face crimson, his cassock flying, his long legs and red garters, looking like a huge turkey. Never was sight more ludicrous. My husband had to hold his sides for laughter."

"And," she added, moralising after true French fashion, "of course we treated the whole thing as a joke. A good laugh is worth so much more than a fat turkey!"

CHAPTER XIII.

GAMBETTA.

At the Théâtre des Gobelins.—The sleeping lion.—Prospero to the rescue.—"L'armée, c'est le patriotisme."—The shrine at Ville D'Avray.

My next souvenirs are of Paris during the Exhibition of 1878. One morning I happened to see the following handbill:—"Sunday at half-past one o'clock, at the Théâtre des Gobelins, *Conférence Littéraire* for the benefit of the Free Library of the 13th Arrondissement, M. Gambetta in the Chair. For tickets apply to Conseiller Municipal, Rue Croulebarbe, No. 3."

In order to be quite sure of a ticket, there was nothing to do but set off immediately for the Avenue des Gobelins, that is to say, traverse Paris from end to end, my own quarters being in the Avenue Wagram. The journey, performed by tramway and omnibus, took the best part of an afternoon, the finding of the Rue Croulebarbe proved no easy matter. After some time I discovered a block of small unnumbered buildings entered by a garden door. Crossing two courtyards, the one full of little girls, the other of boys at play, I found the Town

could conceive his terribleness when fairly roused. It was indeed, "the old man of forty,"* his black hair and beard fast turning white, and the powerful face corrugated with care. Obesity too imparted a look of age. As the speaker went on he languidly nodded approval of an anti-Imperialist or anti-clerical sentiment, or if a witticism or felicitous allusion pleased him quietly clapped his white hands, immediately falling into the same lethargy. Not to-day was I to see the one figure of modern France as he recalled the mighty Danton, the one nineteenth century incarnation of '89, in his revolutionary mood.

Meanwhile my old acquaintance the schoolmaster had recognised me; I saw him stoop down as he whispered in Gambetta's ear, the other smiled and glanced at the English lady who would have given her last five francs to hear him speak.

Why did I not afterwards present myself in the green room and speak for myself? Why indeed? It is not our little vanities that gall us as the years go on, but our foolish little humilities, the shrinking from possible misinterpretation or rebuff. Can a dozen floutings annoy so much as the thought of one lost opportunity, one golden chance missed by false modesty for ever and ever?

* His age that year.

When the lecturer had finished a collection was made for the Library of the 13th Arrondissement, then Gambetta spoke. He did not rise from his seat, being, as I afterwards heard, out of health at the time, and the short discourse was entirely without passion or rhetorical effect. In language of superlative excellence, language absolutely unimprovable, the sentences flowing evenly from his lips, he laid down the principles on which a popular library should be organised, making special reference to the technical needs of each district. "For," he added, "when we bring conviction and ardour to bear upon the education of the people, it is for the purpose of strengthening the understanding, fortifying the conscience, enlarging the heart. But this is far from being all. Such culture should also become an instrument of production. The working-man should here find the augmentation of his material forces; his manual capital, doubled and sustained by his intellectual capital, must become the source of added well-being." His closing words, full of confidence and patriotism, were received with vociferous cheers for Gambetta and the Republic.

That same afternoon I strolled along the Champs Élysées just as Mac-Mahon, accompanied by the Shah of Persia, was returning from the French Derby. The *cortège* was magnificent, six white horses drawing the President's carriage, officers in dazzling uniforms on

horseback, and brilliant equipages following. On either side of the road were gathered gaily-dressed crowds. All Paris seemed abroad.

But what a contrast was the Marshal's reception to that of Gambetta at the little Théâtre des Gobelins! Not a voice was raised. Not a hat was lifted or handkerchief waved as the presidential train swept by. Folks stood still to gaze. That was all.

A few days later I met the historian, M. Henri Martin, at the Levallois-Parrel station by appointment on delightfulest errand. The historian had most kindly invited me to accompany him to Versailles on the occasion of the Hoche anniversary, Republican *fête, par excellence* of the year, and at which Gambetta was to make a grand speech.

After weeks of wet and gloom had come tropical heat. Well I remember that warm June afternoon, but the historian in evening dress and his English guest in cool attire, with a first-class compartment to themselves, found the journey all too short. How much had we to say to each other about our common friends the Guépins, about Carnac and Locmariaker, about the Brittany of old and of to-day! and if Henri Martin the historian shows in his works little love of England, Henri Martin the archæologist had sojourned among us and loved us well. He talked feelingly of his travels in Wales and

Cornwall, and told me how he had chatted with the Celtic population in Breton, finding it perfectly intelligible.

Of Gambetta he simply said—"Voilà un grand patriote" (there is a great patriot).

On arriving at Versailles we found flags flying, bands playing, the town decorated from end to end, and all the inhabitants keeping holiday.

Ladies were not admitted to the banquet, which took place in the municipal theatre; our turn came with the liqueur and the cigars, that is to say, ticket-holders were admitted to stall and balcony at eight o'clock.

By this time the banquet was supposed to be over, but in reality it lasted much longer. When we took our places the scene was one of indescribable confusion. Champagne had circulated freely and the banqueters were in wholly irrepressible mood. Some discussed burning questions in loud tones, others related good stories invoking peals of uproarious laughter. Everybody seemed bent upon making his own voice heard at all costs, and utterly unmindful of the great speech to come.

Then a highly amusing episode occurred. Time was going, certain trains back to Paris had to be caught by most present, quiet became imperative.

Again and again the chairman rang his little bell, again and again he implored silence. No one seemed

capable of paying the slightest attention. Then one or two of the more prominent guests made an effort to calm folks down, among these Henri Martin, who of course had taken part in the banquet. Under other circumstances such intervention would have appeared ludicrous. The gentlemanly, even distinguished-looking, but wholly unimposing historian might just as well have harangued the channel during a sou'-wester. His voice, never very strong, sounded thin and pipy as if reaching us through a telephone; the hubbub grew louder and louder, the tumult more maddening. At last Gambetta, who sat apart apparently in a day-dream, was appealed to, and with a vengeance did he now play the Prospero. Only one word did he utter, a mere two-syllabled word, but the utterance, the thunder put into it—quite hopeless were any attempts at description! Sufficient to say, that with Gambetta's volleyed-forth "Silence" the commotion ceased, stopped instantaneously and completely. The whole thing recalled a transformation scene of Christmas pantomime.

Just before, the din had been like nothing so much as Wagner's ride of the Valkyrie, now the stage was mute as the blind folks' wood in Maeterlinck's play. An introductory speech or two followed, then Gambetta again rose to his feet.

It was plain that to-night the orator was himself, no sleeping lion as at the little Théâtre des Gobelins. And

what theme, what audience could have warmed him more? The festival of Hoche was the apotheosis of the army, that army he may be said to have called into being, and which he had infused with his own spirit. To-night, too, Gambetta's bodily disadvantages were lost sight of, his ponderous person, thus reared to its full height, wore an air of majesty, the look of premature age vanished. We saw before us a nineteenth century tribune, worthy compeer of the mighty Danton. Had not Gambetta indeed proved the Danton of the Third Republic? With his great forerunner could he not say in the words of the Roman, "I swear it, I have saved the State!"

In rather less than twenty minutes he delivered one of those fiery speeches that carried us back to the days of revolutionary eloquence. Vainly should I attempt to give any idea of his voice, an organ of such power and flexibility as to appear positively dæmonic, superhuman, oracular. Equally in vain should I attempt any description of he applause greeting every period—applause of a thousand voices, yet dwarfed, made pigmy by the thunders of his own?

Here is the peroration, announced with upraised arms and kindling eyes;—

"The army is but another name for honour, for patriotism. My faith in the army has never wavered. And in those circumscribed banquets of evil memory,

on the morrow of the twenty-fourth of March and the sixteenth of May,* I said to our friends—The foes of the Republic count on the army? They deceive themselves. What they ask of the army would prove a stain upon its honour, viler, more shameful, more impossible to expiate than that inflicted by the man of Brumaire and the man of December. Ah! no. I have never despaired, I never will despair of my country. Shall not France, the splendour** of the world, have all my devotion?"***

This noble speech was the signal for an outburst that ordinary ears could not bear often. Astonishing it seemed that a thousand or two of people could make such a noise. The appearance of military bands on the stage and the "Marseillaise" brought the climax.

* In allusion to the clerical and monarchical attempts at a *coup d'état* during the MacMahon presidency.

** Dazzlement were a more fitting word, but would here seem perhaps far-fetched.

*** Quant à moi, ma conviction n'a pas varié et je le disais dans ces banquets restreints que nous faisions aux mauvais jours, au lendemain du 24 Mars, au lendemain du 16 Mai, je disais—Ils comptent sur l'armée? Ils ne la connaissent pas! L'armée, c'est le patriotism, et ce qu'on lui demande ce serait une souillure plus honteuse, plus vile, plus inexpiable que celle qu'imprimèrent l'homme de Brumaire, l'homme de Décembre. Ah! oui, j'étais sans inquiétude; oui je n'ai pas désespéré de mon pays. Et je n'en désespérerai jamais. Il fait l'éblouissement du monde. Pourquoi voulez nous qu'il n'ait pas toute ma piété?"

Long before the next Exhibition was opened in Paris, "the old man of forty" had fallen in his prime. Yet can anyone feel sure that triumphs more signal might have awaited him in the fulness of years? It is questionable. His very warm-heartedness, his generosity, had made him many enemies. And sad is the admission! Ever a Nemesis seems to dog the footsteps of pre-eminence in France. Upon mediocrity alone does popular favour wait. Above every other virtue is apparently held the commonplace.

During those sight-seeing months of 1889 many of Gambetta's friends and admirers, myself among them, made the pilgrimage to Ville d'Avray, a Republican shrine. Nothing could well be sadder.

The modest little villa, in his lifetime magnified by detractors into a palace of Babylonian lavishness and riot, was then precisely as he had left it. An old woman showed us over every part, the simply-furnished dining-room in which had taken place those circumscribed banquets of anxious days, the little *salon*, rendezvous of fiery patriots, the bedchamber in which the dying man had bidden farewell to his friends. A large engraving hanging by the bedside represents the scene.

Next to Gambetta's wonderful voice came his astonishing memory, a memory concerned with living people, and the relation in which they stood to the

Republic. He could not, like Homeric Wright of former days, repeat the "Iliad" by heart; nor could he, like my dear old friend the late Edward Walford, recite the Psalms of David and the Odes of Horace* from start to finish and in due order.

But mnemonic feats as astounding were averred of Gambetta. He could not certainly identify every Republican voter throughout France; but when he had worked up any constituency he was said to have the name and condition of every voter therein at his fingers' ends. The very notion makes one's brain whirl! Think of remembering and individualising several thousands of small shopkeepers, artisans, peasants, dividing not into sections but units, the population of a large city or half a department! Alone, unaided, this single brain could do the work of twenty electioneering agents!

* This is a fact. After his re-conversion to Rome Mr. Walford wrote me word that he "had burned all his heathen books." Whether or no he had contrived to unlearn Horace he did not say.

CHAPTER XIV.

VICTOR HUGO AND FATHER HYACINTH.

A poet's guerdon.—Authors at play: Victor Hugo's greeting to Europe.—Father Hyacinth.—No *viâ media* in theology.—A nine days' wonder.—The cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

On the morrow of the Hoche Festival at Versailles took place another of equally unique interest. This was the reception of Victor Hugo at the final *séance* of the International Literary Congress. The meeting was held in the handsome Châtelet Théâtre, and large numbers of invitations had been sent out by the French Literary Association (Société des Gens de Lettres).

For my own card I was indebted to the poet Coppée. "Poor ignoramus that I am," he had written to me some time before. "I cannot enjoy in English your charming appreciation of my verse,* but I place myself entirely at your service, and shall be enchanted at any time to testify my gratitude."

Could poetic acknowledgment take more appropriate

* *À propos* of a notice that appeared in "Fraser's Magazine."

form? To my little praise of Coppée I owed a sight of Victor Hugo. And, on my soul, a wonderful sight he was! Not for piled-up guineas, not for the most dazzling pageant of court annals, would I have missed Coppée's treat. After Goethe, what figure in letters stands out so colossean, of such incomparable proportions? Mere pigmies by comparison seem the biggest of his contemporaries. Where shall we look for a later "Hernani"? And his lyrics, apparently so improvised yet so assiduously chiselled,* who has matched him or even approached him in this field?

Before the poet's turn came other speakers, among these M. Jules Simon, who was like a veritable Jack-in-the-box, every syllable accompanied by vehement gesture and antic. *Perfide* Albion, alas! was very shabbily represented. Instead of a typical Anglo-Saxon standing six feet two in his stockings, stentorian of voice and ready of speech, a very sickly-looking and hesitating personage stood up, and in an inaudible voice rendered thanks for the welcome accorded his countrymen. It was a disappointing performance, and would have been better left out. Upon such an occasion at least

* In his interesting volume, "L'art d'écrire," M. Albalat shows how severely Victor Hugo criticised himself. Thus the MS. of "Le Sacre de la Femme" shows three adjectives, *auguste*, *sainte*, *heureuse*, crossed out for *ardente* in the line, "Une ardente lueur de paix et de bonté!"

Many other examples of the same fastidiousness are adduced.

the delegate ought to be able to make himself heard if not seen.

Victor Hugo was now seventy-six years old, but looked full ten years more. Intellectual *tours de force,* fiercest political passion, the bitterness of exile, had prematurely aged him. Erect still the Olympian head, but how dim his eyes, how feeble his voice!

Throughout his address he kept his seat, having on his right hand a score and odd of wax candles; close to these he held his manuscript, the reading even under such circumstances being evidently very difficult. A written speech delivered with an attempt at rhetorical effect is at best uninspiring, the tremendous personality here made up for every drawback. Enthusiastic, nay, frenzied as had been the first greeting accorded him, each sentence was now the signal for volleys of applause. Occasionally the manuscript was dropped and a phrase or two were improvised. A pathetic allusion to his long exile changed *vivats* and cheers to sobs and a unanimous murmur of indignation. Then with a stateliness that was really majestic he turned to the representatives of foreign literary societies, waving his hand and saying—"Poets, novelists, philosophers, men of science, France salutes you!"* Who else so

* Poètes, romanciers, philosophes, hommes de science, la France vous salue!"

fitted to utter such words, welcoming world-wide literature in the glorious name of France!

Another conspicuous personality at this time was attracting audiences hardly less rapturous. Amid the bustle and glitter of a Whit-Sunday, unparallelled perhaps for its variety of holiday attractions, all Paris seemed flocking towards the vast Cirque d'Hiver. Father Hyacinth was to preach on Liberal Catholicism, and strange as it may seem, this announcement proved more magnetic than the street of nations in the Champs de Mars, the famous orchestra of the Scala, then performing at the Trocadéro from Milan, races at Chantilly, and heaven knows how many other programmes equally enticing.

An hour before the doors were opened, eager crowds besieged the ticket-office, and by the time the orator had taken his place the enormous hall was packed, not an empty seat of the three thousand and eight hundred! I noticed also, that although women were present in considerable numbers, the majority consisted of the other sex. Easy was it to see also that the audience was a picked one, made up, not of the merely curious, much less of the sightseer, but of earnest, thinking people, seekers after intellectual stimulus or spiritual truth. Father Hyacinth, or the Reverend Charles Loyson, was now in the prime of life, that is to say, had entered on his fifty-third year. The

priest may cast off dogma and modes of thought, not so easy is it to secularise himself as to outward appearance. The orator before us still looked every inch the French *abbé,* but not the kind of *abbé* seen every day. Power was stamped on his regular, well-cut features, and indomitable will proclaimed itself in the firm, well-shaped mouth.

Amid breathless silence he began, and amid breathless silence, only broken by thunders of applause, was he heard to the end. Magnificent eloquence, a voice second only in volume and flexibility to Gambetta's own, a passionate earnestness, held his audience spell-bound.

Liberalism in Christianity, rather in Catholicism, meant to Father Hyacinth at this time—I presume it does still—that reformation in the Church from within, that reconciliation of the Church with progress, and the revolutionary idea forming the ideal of Lameunais and Lacordaire. Not Protestantism, not Deism, was what he aimed at, rather a purified, rationalised, elevated Romanism.

"I was a Catholic, a Catholic I remain," he now said, his admirably managed voice reaching the farthermost listener. "We have seen France ill-governed—for that reason do we cease to call ourselves Frenchmen? Do we turn our backs on mother-country, forsake, forswear her? No, a thousand times no; and no more

shall we turn our backs upon the Church, forsake, forswear her because she too has been ill-governed. Catholics for all that we remain!" This sentence proved one of those electric touches the effect of which it is impossible to describe or exaggerate. Again when he said, "I can understand men being Republicans, I can understand Frenchmen being nothing else but Republicans," the applause was so prolonged that for a minute or two he found it impossible to proceed. Towards the close of his discourse, which had lasted an hour and a quarter, came this scathing admonition, "To you, heads of houses, fathers of families, I am about to say a harsh word. It is you who have helped to bring about Ultramontanism. When you send your wives to the confessional, when you rear your children in a religion you do not yourselves follow, it is you who aid and abet the Ultramontanes, who make Ultramontanism what it is to-day."

The words had struck home, no sentence of the magnificent discourse had won louder, more continued applause. The preacher then laid his finger on the sore place, had touched the conscience of his hearers.

Fifteen years later I was taking my place for Calais at the Gare du Nord, when I noticed a little group on the platform.

"Yonder," whispered a countrywoman into my ear,

"is Father Hyacinth, and the lady he is seeing off to London is his American wife."

In one sense time had not dealt unkindly with the apostle of Liberal Catholicism, the would-be pioneer of a theological *viâ media*. M. Loyson looked mentally and bodily vigorous and alert as in the Cirque d'Hiver so many years before. He seemed cheerful too, having lost something of his sacerdotal look. Indeed, the great orator—certainly Father Hyacinth is that—might just then have passed for some well-to-do bourgeois, retired notary, or small functionary, in no ill-humour with life or his surroundings.

But what about his mission? How has time treated his dreams? From this point of view the retrospect is melancholy indeed. Never was Newman's disbelief in a *viâ media* more strikingly justified. Never was the futility of putting new wine into old bottles more conspicuously exemplified. Instead of Liberalism leavening, no matter how sparsely, the Romish Church of France, we find its latest development in the mediæval superstitions of Lourdes and the anti-Semitic and anti-Protestant crusade headed by the French Academy and the Revue des Deux Mondes! Instead of Liberal ideas being welcomed or even tolerated by the Vatican, we find the least little manifestation of intellectual independence remorselessly stamped out, the result being an enormous exodus from Rome, a movement taking the

form of a second and still more drastic Reformation. Father Hyacinth's failure was inevitable. To talk of Liberal Catholicism is but to use a figure of speech, what grammarians call an oxymoron. No, a thousand times no! Two aspects of Romanism there certainly are, the simulated and the sincere, the conventual following of ritual for appearance's sake, and the naïve faith of the Breton peasant.

But Romanism remains what it was and what it ever will be, namely, the implacable enemy of Liberalism in any form,* and so the French mind, logical mind *par excellence*, is finding out to its cost. We English, with our mental fogginess, our happy-go-lucky ways, our method of trusting to Providence and good luck, see no absurdity in coalition ministers, Liberal-Unionism, Ritualism, and other go-betweens. The French intellect will have nothing to do with a middle course, a half-and-half. "Our imagination," writes the first living French philosopher, "is an imagination that reasons, that combines;" and elsewhere—"Our intellectual impatience does not accommodate itself to compromise, to temporisation."** Father Hyacinth's scheme proved a

* For a confirmation of this opinion let the reader turn to two remarkable articles in the "Contemporary Review" of May 1899: "Is a Catholic University Possible?" by Voces Catholices, and "The Evangelical Movement among the French Clergy," by ex-Abbé Bourrier.

** See "Psychologie du Peuple Français," by A. Fouillée, 1898.

nine days' wonder; ex-Abbé Bourrier's heralds a revolution.

Liberal Catholicism recalls the deserted standard of a stricken field. "Forth from Rome," rallying cry of a few emancipated priests, has evoked an army, an army gathering as "that little cloud no bigger than a man's hand," and as portentous.

From May to October of this year was spent by me in Paris, on the banks of the Maine, in Franche Comté and the Jura. Recollections of travel having been adequately given elsewhere I omit them here.

CHAPTER XV.

PEDLAR, PANTHER-SLAYER, AND FRANC-TIREUR.

A *franc-tireur's* legacy.—Early struggles.—A *dévoté* of Saint Hubert.—The cost of greatness.—A *curé* rebuked.—The novice of Flavigny.—Odd notions about England.

OH! for the pen of a Borrow, a Dumas! What a second Lavengro—what another Monte Cristo could I bestow upon the world! How came it about that themes so gory should fall to a woman's inkhorn, inkhorn hitherto guileless of battle, murder, and sudden death, ever emptied in the cause of peace and *gentilesse.* Well, the task was accepted as a legacy; with it I can but do my little best.

Pedlar, lion-hunter, panther-extirpator, *franc-tireur,* colonist, when had any man more adventuresome, more chequered career? To begin life by hawking shoes and stockings in the streets of New Orleans, to clear a vast region of panthers, and become the fêted guest of emperors, kings, and reigning princes, to harass the Prussians with his handful of *francs-tireurs* more than a general of division with his army-corps, to have twice a price set upon his head and baffle the enemy until

the last—all these exploits might well have turned the dullest into a story-teller. Was ever a Frenchman dull? And the bequeather of such blood-stained memorials belonged to the liveliest. A native of Spoy, near Bar-sur-Aube, he possessed in large degree the inbred Champenois grace and irony of which Michelet speaks in his great first chapter.

It was in the summer of 1879 that I made the acquaintance of Bombonnel, the once world-renowned panther-slayer. I use the adverb advisedly, for by that time he had outlived one reputation to enjoy another. His narrative of panther-hunts in Algeria a generation before was still* to be found on every railway bookstall throughout France. The author's name was familiar to every schoolboy. But the personality of the man had long since suffered eclipse, to emerge with added lustre after the events of 1870—71. His gallant leadership of a few hundred *francs-tireurs*, and the damage he inflicted on the invader, then won for him a colonel's grade, the Legion of Honour, and what, perhaps, he prized above these, a grand word from Victor Hugo.

"Had we but a few more Bombonnels," wrote the poet at the time, "the enemy would soon be driven out of the country." Unfortunately Bombonnels are rare in

* And is still in print and popular favour.

any country. Every Frenchman is a soldier and a brave one, but the strategy requisite in guerilla warfare, the skill and address needed by a leader of free-lances, the bold confrontation of a shameful death, such qualities are not of every day.

The slayer of fifty and odd panthers, the terror of Prussian scouts, was now just sixty-three. Like Napoleon, Thiers, Louis Blanc, and other great men, he was small of stature, but admirably made and of extraordinary suppleness and strength; veritable "hooks of steel," his small fingers could force a giant to his knees, making him howl for mercy. Agile as a chamois-hunter, keen-eyed and quick-eared as an Indian trapper, making child's-play of the most tremendous privation, enduring without a groan the most hideous tortures, he had little or nothing in common with drawing-room acquaintances.

The head on which a price had been set by the Prussians was as small as ever man had; but let physiologists say what they will—quality rather than quantity of brain accounts for the difference between one human being and another.

It must here be explained, that in his famous encounter with a panther twenty-five years before,* he had lost a considerable portion of his face. The fine

* See "Bombonnel et ses Chasses," Hachette's "Bibliothèque Populaire," Paris, I fr. 25 c.

aquiline nose with which nature had endowed him was literally gone, the frontal bones were knocked in, teeth and jaws broken. Fortunately his learned friend Dr. Bodichon, husband of the foundress of Girton, then practising as an army surgeon, "gathered up the pieces such as were left," and so skilfully put them together that Bombonnel became, if not comely, at least of very presentable appearance.

Fortunately the poor panther—for in these contests the trapped is as much, perhaps more, to be commiserated than the trapper,*—fortunately, I say, the poor panther had not finished off nose and jaw to his satisfaction when sent headlong over the precipice in the dexterous manner described. Bombonnel escaped with eyes intact, and remarkable eyes they were, piercingly bright and vivacious as those of youth. Another possession was his voice, not a musical one, not a sonorous organ after the manner of Gambetta's, but strident, far-reaching, of phenomenal capacity. To this faculty, as he playfully boasted, was due his small worldly fortune. On the death of both parents of cholera in 1831, a relation had apprenticed him to a book-binder; the

* I was the guest of an animal-adoring old woman when, many years ago, she read from the "Times" the account of the drunken Englishman who descended into the bears' pit at Berne. When she came to the recital of the bears' mauling she dropped the paper and exclaimed feelingly, "Pretty dears!" I fully sympathised with the sentiment.

sedentary existence proving intolerable, he started with a few hundred francs for New Orleans, hawking shoes and stockings in the streets. So shrill and penetrating was his voice that it brought purchasers from far and near; one pack was soon emptied, and another, and another. As pedlar he drove a thriving trade.

No one was ever less indebted to adventitious circumstances than the mighty hunter. No edifier of his own fortunes was ever freer from false shame. With many another celebrated Frenchman he had risen from the people, and was proud of such ancestry. The son of a working glazier, he had early acquired habits of independence and self-restraint.

"Many's the time," he would say, "when sending up my plate for more soup or *galette*, it was returned empty. 'Charles,' my mother would say, 'dost thou not reflect that there are thy little brothers and sisters ahungered as thyself to think of? The day's food must be equally apportioned.' Sugar at that time (1816—1831) was very dear, and an unheard-of luxury. We never tasted it except during sickness. My mother kept a small lump locked up in tissue paper. When any of us were ill, she chipped off a tiny piece and put it into our milk or herb tea."

Convincingly did Bombonnel illustrate Sancho's maxim—not a man's ancestry, but the company he keeps, is his passport. Wild and adventuresome had

been his youthful experiences. After that spell of pedlary in the Southern States he journeyed northward, trading with Indian tribes, for awhile taking up his abode with them, the magnet being romantic passion for a beautiful young savage.

A return to Europe in 1841, marriage into a highly-respectable middle-class family of Dijon, winter residences in Algeria, and all the *éclat* that waits upon success, more than made up for early drawbacks. Without a fault, his terse, piquant, idiomatic French; without a solecism his courtly, if somewhat old-fashioned, bearing.

At the time I made his acquaintance the wonderful little man was a marked figure at Dijon, indeed the most conspicuous personality of Eastern France. Bombonnel the *franc-tireur* had disinterred Bombonnel the panther-slayer. He was a walking palimpsest, and the super-imposed writing was more marvellous than the first. From far and wide folks travelled to see his stuffed beasts, sports of the hunt, hear his marvellous stories, above all gaze upon the hero extolled by Victor Hugo, storied by Daudet, and possessor of a nose famous as that of Cyrano de Bergerac.

Admiration, no matter the form it might take, was accepted good-naturedly.

"There go Bombonnel and Monsieur B——, the two ugliest men in Dijon!" cried a street urchin one day as the pair of friends passed arm-in-arm.

"Not so loud, my little friend; let folks find it out for themselves," was all the reproach administered, the speaker being Monsieur B——, but Bombonnel delighted to tell the tale. With equal complacence he accepted Daudet's description of himself, "every inch a village notary," in "Tartarin de Tarascon." Fame is fame after all!

I need hardly say that a man who had made his fortune as a pedlar, had nearly extirpated the panther in Algeria, and given more trouble to the Prussians than all the army-corps put together, was no book-worm.

One volume and one only he had perused, and that from title to colophon. Of course the Bible! every reader will say. But the Nimrod of modern times was a Catholic, and Catholics, as we know, do not read the Bible.* He had heard—at least I presume so—of such a book, but certainly did not possess one, nor to the best of my knowledge had he ever read a line from Genesis to Revelations. His one book was Monte Cristo.

His artless creed consisted in fear of God and reverence for St. Hubert, the patron of hunters. St. Hubert had granted the supreme wish of his life, that face to face encounter with a panther ending in the loss of his

* I never saw a Bible in any Catholic house of the many in which I have stayed.

nose; to St. Hubert he sent up daily prayers; into a huge earthen money-box, he dropped a sou every day of his life, the said sous to be expended by his executors upon an enormous candle for St. Hubert's altar in the cathedral of Dijon.

Good Catholic although he was, he took exception to certain articles of faith. For instance, no Protestant could more strongly disapprove of celibacy in the priesthood, and he resolutely abstained from the confessional.

"My dear Monsieur Bombonnel," again and again had said a good old bishop of Dijon to him, "it is high time for you to think of your soul, to confess and seek absolution."

"Monseigneur," was the invariable reply, "no man can say what he may come to, but as yet I am not ripe for that."

Pious as he was too, a priest in his eyes remained a man, to be treated as such. Thus, when a certain curé years before had put unjustifiable questions to his young wife* in the confessional, he waylaid the offender with a huge cudgel.

"Mind what you are about, young man," he said. "Any more nonsense of that kind and——" Here he shook his cudgel, the deed doing duty for further explanation.

* Madame Bombonnel has now been dead many years.

This attitude towards the priesthood one day found humorous expression in my own hearing.

I had been spending some time in the house of his mother-in-law, at some distance from Dijon. As we all poured out of the village church one Sunday morning, Bombonnel fell back, a few minutes later catching us up.

"I just waited to catch the curé," he said, laughing. "'My dear friend,' quoth I, 'in Heaven's name don't keep us so long these fine Sundays. Don't you know that the shooting season has begun, and whilst you are haranguing us in the pulpit we are dying to be after the quails and partridges? Leave your long sermons for the winter.'"

Here I may add, that my own attendance at mass was strictly a matter of politeness. In this country house, mistress and the household regularly attended morning service, the family joint was left before the fire to cook itself, the house locked up and confided to the care of three enormous dogs. To have stayed at home would have forced the non-attendance of others. One man's meat may well prove another man's poison, but dislikes, however strong, must yield to the obligations laid upon a guest.

As I have said, Bombonnel was now a much fêted personage. Had he read 'Don Quixote' he would have

recalled one of poor Sancho's experiences whilst relating his own.

"Whenever I am now in Algeria," he related, "a cover is always laid for me at the Governor's table. But I invariably come away hungry as when I took my place. Great folks invite me not to feast but to tell stories. It is—'Now, Monsieur Bombonnel, for the lion of the Corso,' or, 'Now, Monsieur Bombonnel, for the lion of Batna,' and so on, and so on, all the while. What would you have? Fame is not to be had for nothing."

Amongst his friends were the Dominican monks of Flavigny, near Dijon, who combine scholasticism with the manufacture of comfits, the latter being renowned throughout the civilised world.

"I will now tell you a curious story about Flavigny," one day he began. "I have often visited these learned men in their monastery, and many years ago I chanced to arrive soon after the reception of a new-comer. This novice was a celebrated doctor, who had thrown up a splendid practice in Paris in order to become a monk. 'Brother,' I asked, for I had more than one conversation with him, 'what on earth could have induced you to take such a step?' 'Monsieur Bombonnel,' was the reply, 'the deaths of so many men and women sacrificed to my experimental ardour became a weight on my conscience too grievous to be borne. I determined in so far as

possible to expiate these offences by fasting, flagellation, and prayer. Such, dear sir, is my story.'"

We have all our limitations, and Bombonnel, who had never visited our shores, entertained curious notions as to Anglo-Saxon manners and customs. Not the Prime Minister or Lord Chief Justice of England could have convinced him, that when dissatisfied with their wives Englishmen did not offer them for sale with a rope round their necks at Smithfield Market. Nor could the Earl Marshal or Lord Chamberlain have altered his notions as to the investiture of the Garter. It was his firm belief that upon these occasions the leg of the knight-elect received the garter from hands no less august than those of the sovereign, that he was, indeed, literally as well as titually gartered!

Before giving these memorials of a *franc-tireur* entrusted to me for posthumous publication, I will say something more about the man himself, give other sides of this strange personality.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN OUTDOOR FRIEND.

Woodland colloquies.—The instinct of birds.—Jays and their heroism.—Wild cherry-trees.—Bookbinding and mustard.—The nuns and the panther-slayer.

HAPPY, thrice happy the possessor of an outdoor friend! Stimulating as may be indoor acquaintance, fruitful as may be the intercourse enjoyed within four walls, truest comradeship, the essentials of intimacy, are owed to Nature. We feel so much freer, more open-minded, more truly ourselves when abroad.* Delightful too is the exchange of indoor for outdoor themes, mankind and his doings laid aside for four-footed and feathered friends, high talk of books and systems giving place to the subtler, if in appearance, simpler lessons of field and wood. I have known many wise and learned folks in my life. In one kind of lore, and that a rare

* "In giochi onesti, e parlamenti lieti
Dopo mangiar spesero il caldo giorno
Corcati su finissimi tappeti
Tra gli arbuscelli, ond'era il rio adorno."
Ariosto.

and subtle one, the great panther-hunter was unrivalled. As I have already mentioned, he was now enjoying a spell of ease with dignity, summer being spent in the home of his wife's family near Is-sur-Tille (Côte d'Or), winter in his hunting-lodge, Algeria. Another and yet another palimpsest was to be written over the blood-stained annals of 1870-71, in other words, again and yet again was he to figure conspicuously in the eyes of his contemporaries—of these matters, later. For the present he led a quiet Thoreau-like existence, his time being spent in the family woods close by, or the vast forest adjoining, haunt of roe-buck, wild boar, and wild cat.

These family woods were delicious in the torrid August days. Of the seven climates of France, the Côte d'Or enjoys the so-called Rhodanien, a pleasant climate enough, but given to sudden change and great extremes. Thus whilst in summer you may boil an egg in the sun, in winter your wine freezes on the dinner-table and close to a blazing wood fire.

During my frequent and lengthy visits at the country house just named, I often accompanied my friend on his rounds. Indoors the flies buzzed; the temperature made one drowsy, and the ladies had their domestic occupations. The best part of the day was not unfrequently passed by me abroad, these woodland colloquies being

racy as a page of Bret Harte, brimful of instruction as a course at the Royal Institution.

"Note well the behaviour of the small birds—larks, finches, and the like," said my companion to me as one day we entered the wood, "you will see that the sight of myself and gun, no matter how near, does not in the least intimidate them. They flit across my path, chattering to each other as if they had the whole place to themselves. Then contrast with this unconcern the conduct of the magpies, jays, hawks, and other mischievous birds on which I ever make war. The moment I am perceived by one of them, an alarm is given to his fellows, hither and thither he goes, plain as words could make it, his warning—"Comrades, look alive. The enemy is abroad!"

True enough, as the small figure in brown velvet shooting-jacket and gaiters with gun on shoulder made his way through the wood, there was an extraordinary commotion overhead. From tree to tree flew the jays, here found in great numbers, their unmusical note being to-day more unmusical still; with evident cries of distress they flitted from bough to bough bidding their kindred "beware!" And true enough the little hedge-row birds took no heed. My companion's gun might almost touch them where they sat; gaily as ever they chirped, twitted, and carolled. Linnets, robins, finches, tomtits, and the

timidest remained perky and familiar as Parisian sparrows.

"The jays are beautiful birds; why so ruthlessly destroy them?" I asked. "Nothing in plumage to my thinking surpasses the exquisite turquoise and silver-grey of their wings."

"The jays," answered my companion, "are not only like the magpies, the most mischievous birds we have, but the most malignant, and of an obstinacy that defies comprehension. Do what you will with him, you can never get a jay to betray his fellows. For instance, I bring down a jay with my gun, wounded, but not dead. I could never, by any ill-treatment, get him to cry out, thus bringing more of his kind within reach."

"Therein he shows a nobleness not always shared by human beings," I put in. "How can you persecute a bird possessed of such qualities?"

"Dear friend," was the reply, "I repeat, the jays and the magpies are the most mischievous birds we have, eating other birds' eggs and destroying the young. Why should I have any more pity upon such detestable animals than the law upon burglars and cut-throats?"

"The comparison hardly holds good," I ventured to observe; "burglars and cut-throats know well enough

that they act as enemies of society, whilst the poor jays only follow natural instinct."

It was quite useless to argue the point. The harmless hedgelings, linnets, tomtits, and the like, could not be too much pampered. The jay must be cruelly extirpated.

Birds delight in nothing so much as the fruit of the wild cherry, and for the general delectation he had planted young trees here and there, watering and tending them with the utmost assiduity.

"Ah!" he would say, as he proudly surveyed his saplings. "How my wild cherry-trees will adorn the wood a few years hence, and how, ere long, the birds will feast on them, the little gourmands!"

Water was scarce in these vast tracts of wood and forest. For the benefit of his feathered friends, and it must be admitted, enemies as well, he had with his own hands dug a deep pond, and this, during the dry season, he ever kept full of water. It was a sight to see the birds hovering about their pond on hot days. Alas! for years it has now been left to the clouds. Many and many a thirsty bird must have sadly wondered why.

A sight it was too, that flocking of small birds at their master's call. In the densest part of the wood he

had hollowed out little boweries for summer use. With hands on mouth he would imitate one note after another, bringing close to us where we sat, pert little heads and fluttering wings.

But these boweries were sometimes moistened with something else besides rain and dew. Ever at the sportsman's side was his small noiselessly-firing gun. As we sat one day amid a happy congregation, robins chirping, linnets piping, tomtits peering, quick as lightning up went the carabine. Something fell like a stone at my feet. In an evil hour a magnificent hawk had showed himself overhead. Somehow the spot or two of blood on the mossy ground uncharmed that bowery for me ever after. What have these innocent creatures to do with the text, "In the midst of life we are in death?" Life is their sole possession. Let them enjoy it!

An outdoor friend will tell you as much anent plants and trees as about birds and beasts.

"Taste these red berries," said my host to me one day, picking up the red luscious-looking fruit of the service-berry tree. "Whenever there is cholera about our peasants eat the service-berry in large quantities. It is a sure remedy for colic."

Further on, he pointed to a birch-tree.

"As you know," he began, "I was apprenticed as a lad to the bookbinding trade. Well, yonder tree reminds me of something that will interest you. What is called the perfume of Russian leather does not in the least depend upon the skin itself, but upon a certain preparation from the bark of the Russian birch-tree. Why our own birch-tree has not that same essence I can't say, but such is the case."

Another day we found ourselves on a stretch of cleared charcoal-beds outside the forest.

"Stop a moment," he exclaimed, "and note those mustard-plants, you must know that nothing else will grow here. Young plants, green peas, potatoes, French beans and the like would be devoured by rabbits, wild-boars, and other animals, who will not touch the mustard-leaves. It is this especial soil that lends our celebrated Dijon mustard its piquancy, but there is another fact to be mentioned. When in powder the mustard is mixed with new wine, but in order to obtain the precise degree of acidity, the grape must be in a certain condition of unripeness, a degree more or less makes all the difference."

This outdoor intercourse was not confined to the home-woods and the forest of Velours. Far afield we went, sometimes by diligence or in old-fashioned hooded

calèche, sometimes in a donkey-chaise, most often afoot.

Story-telling renown dogs its possessor with the tenacity of evil report. It followed the mighty hunter wherever he went; in stage-coach, railway-carriage, tavern, or wayside *café*, he was ever recognised and mulcted with a tale.

The wooded ravine of Fixin near Gevrey-Chambertin is one of the most bewitching spots near Dijon. Thither at seven o'clock one July morning we drove through the vineyards, thinking to find the quietude of Velours itself. Great was our disenchantment on arriving. Every available spot for a picnic was already taken possession of by nuns and eighty little girls under their charge. Huge loaves, fruit, cakes, and bottles of wine were stacked around the fountain near which visitors are wont to regale. Rocks and hanging woods, glades and copses rang with merry voices. The place was as populous as Hampstead Heath on Whit-Monday.

Accustomed to bivouacking under circumstances of far greater difficulty, my companion soon found a suitable spot for our *al fresco* breakfast, the shadow of a limestone crag tapestried with verdure, softest green carpet, and close by a bubbling spring clear as crystal. Here the joyous clamour of the children hardly reached us, and never was woodland repast more delightful. Sky

of warmest blue, foliage of richest green, wood-pigeons cooing among the branches, otherwise unbroken solitude. But our visit was to be made exceptional, and would that with pencil instead of pen I could delineate the scene that followed. The nuns having found Bombonnel out, were fired with the laudable desire of turning his presence to account and combining instruction with pleasure in the day's programme. So the request was boldly made that the panther-slayer and lion-hunter and tamer would tell the schoolgirls some of his famous adventures. In a few minutes every straggler was collected, and by the time the story-teller began, the scene was the prettiest imaginable. Eighty girls varying in age from five to fifteen were now grouped about the natural amphitheatre, the black-robed nuns seated here and there, whilst facing his audience stood the small animated figure of the narrator.

No dire encounter, no blood-stained episodes did he now recount, but beautiful tales of "wild nature won by kindness," and comic stories of animal knowingness and cunning. He told of the lion of Batna, how it used to play in the public ways like a huge gentle dog, how one day some Arab children teasing it with stones, he caught up the foremost and trotted off as if intent on dire vengeance, then when he had got some distance, put down the yelling urchin with a look that plainly

said,—"Another time, humph! mind!" how it used to beg for tit-bits at the family table after the manner of a pet dog, feeding from anyone's hand, how when badly hit by malicious varlet, it laid its poor aching head on its mistress' shoulder to be soothed by caresses. Then by way of epilogue, he addressed himself to the younger children—

"Let me tell you, my young friends, that the little lions set you all the prettiest possible example of obedience. A mother lion for instance has feasted with her young ones on the carcase of a cow. But hungry as they all are, enough remains for next day's meal. On the morrow she brings her children to the spot, and the little things bound forward, eager to begin their breakfast. The ever prudent mother utters a little growl, and lo! quiet as mice they scuttle back into the bushes. She sees at once that the remains of yesterday's feast have been disturbed and fears for the safety of her children.

"By-and-by, famished impatient the little lions run towards her, their gestures and cries saying plainly as words could possibly do, 'Mamma, do let us begin, we are *so* hungry!' But a second time the watchful mother bids them go back, the risk of a surprise not yet over, and a second time she is unmurmuringly obeyed. Hither and thither she peers, high and low she sniffs;

at last, after fully reassuring herself, she utters quite a different growl. 'Come, my children,' she cries, 'to table, to table!' And joyfully the summons is obeyed, for as you perhaps know, my little friends, the lion's meal is breakfast, dinner, and supper in one. Go home, and Heaven bless you all, and do not forget the lessons taught by the little lions!"

CHAPTER XVII.

SOUVENIRS OF A FRANC-TIREUR.

The price of a head.—A Barmecide's feast.—The straggler.—The two spies.—"La guerre, c'est la guerre!"

"When I am no longer among the living, dear friend, you may make any use of these memorials you please. Were I as skilful with the pen as with the gun I should perhaps myself have put down my experiences as a *franc-tireur.* I leave the task to you as a legacy. Certain incidents I could never have brought myself to indite, it makes me blush, it makes me weep to recount them. Alas! we were not all patriotic when the enemy overran France. You know the word of Victor Hugo in 1870—71,—'A few more Bombonnels and soon not a Prussian would be left on this side of the Rhine.' But the one was not always succoured, as you will see, and these experiences may serve my countrymen as a warning. I repeat, do with my souvenirs as you will, I leave you free."

"Well, you ask how it came about that myself and little band contrived to elude the invading hosts till the very last. You way well wonder, for as you know,

Messieurs les Prussiens conferred a signal honour on me. A price—a thousand pounds of your money—was twice put upon my head, and had I fallen into their clutches, *mon Dieu,* I should have been hanged on the nearest tree like a poacher in my grandfather's time! But a hunter has all his wits about him; my men trusted me implicitly—which was their salvation—and I *always kept open a good way of retreat;* of course we risked our necks, and worse, a dozen times a day. What would you have? War is war.

"Then I knew every inch of the country. Ah! I had Messieurs les Prussiens there! As you know, my men and I confined our operations to Burgundy and Franche-Comté, and especially to the region of the Jura. You have visited the country, you know its nature, and most of the places I name will be familiar to you.

"One at least shall remain anonymous. Yes! Never shall children's children of its inhabitants be put to shame by me, compelled to disown their ancestry. Ah! dear friend, many a bitter tear have I shed as I recall this shameful incident. Hungry and dry, footsore and dispirited after a night's march, we one day reached the village of —— about nine o'clock in the morning. The sun was shining, and to cheer us still more, we saw that we were expected, awaited with true patriotic welcome. Along the village street, outside the shops,

dwelling-houses and *cafés* were placed long tables bountifully spread, carafes of wine, cold meat, and cheese already cut up into portions, with bread in abundance. Our hearts leaped at the sight, for we were famished, a few moments later to sink within us, ready to burst with shame, sorrow and indignation! No sooner did we draw near than instead of outstretched hands and invitations to partake, we met looks askance and sullen frowns. Folks rushed forth from their dwellings and placed themselves between us and the loaded table, some even pounced upon the victuals, carrying loaves and dishes indoors, only one or two even stammered excuse.

"The fatted calf had then been killed for the enemy! Frenchmen who were risking their lives for native soil were sent by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen empty away! To curry favour with the Prussians, perhaps to save their cattle and poultry, those villagers had thus forfeited their claim to the very name they bore! Do you wonder, dear friend, that the war turned out as it did! Our small bourgeoisie, our peasants thought more of the day's hazards, the probable loss of a pig or goose, than of mother country. Is it any wonder that when we had the enemy in our power, we francs-tireurs were pitiless?

"Yes, pitiless have I been many a time, may God forgive me! When my blood was up I thought no more

of killing a Prussian than a rat. You will never pardon me for these cruelties, but I must tell you the truth. Had I lost any of my men nobody knows what tortures would have been inflicted upon them by the enemy. For my part I was always content with a single shot—you know I never miss aim *—or with the quick work of a firing-party. Let me tell you about that poor wretch of a straggler and of the two spies.

"It happened one day then that I was reconnoitring outside a wood, my men being in ambush close by. I had not proceeded far on the highroad when I perceived a Prussian advancing towards me, evidently a straggler in search of his companions. He was unarmed, and quick as lightning with one hand he took off his hat and bowed almost to the ground, with the other whipped out a white handkerchief, and frantically waving it, begged for quarter. But just then my blood was up, I raised my rifle, took aim and he fell like a stone. The poor *diable* could hardly have been over twenty, was blond and very slim. Yes! it was a cruel deed, I have often reproached myself with it, but what would you have? War is war. Then there were the two spies, I must tell you about them. Scouts and spies, of course

* Bombonnel was of course a practised marksman. Many and many a time did he offer to perform feats *à la* Tell, shooting an apple from my head without injuring a hair. The offer was politely refused.

to find these, was our affair. We *francs-tireurs* could not meet the Prussians in the field, *pardie,* we should have been one against a thousand, but we could intercept their reconnoitring parties and hang their spies, thus doing them more harm than if we had gained a victory.

"The first spy I am going to tell you about was a mystery, and a mystery he will ever remain. We caught him not far from where we are now. He was a thorough German to look at, middle-aged, and of course unarmed. But the extraordinary thing about him was that by no manner of means could we induce him so much as to open his lips. You know I am well versed in the language of birds and beasts, but of foreign jargon, German, Italian, English no matter what, I am ignorant as the man in the moon. One of my men, however, could speak a little Prussian, so he took the prisoner in hand; not a word did he get; there were some Italian workmen about, we hailed them to no better purpose; then we spoke with our fingers, wondering whether or no he might be deaf and dumb, no sign, not so much as the movement of a muscle. We tried fair means and foul, offered food and wine, promised a safe conduct to Dijon if he revealed his errand, threatened him with a bullet through his head if he refused. He remained a stock, a stone, a lump of wood. We shook him, we searched him, nothing came of it; whatever the fellow's secret, he

determined to carry it with him to the grave—if grave he ever had! At last my patience was exhausted. I gave the word of command. He was shot then and there.

"I have often thought of that spy and of the way in which he held out. I should have done the same in his place, and for this reason I ought to have saved his life. Yes—this too was a cruel deed, and I have often reproached myself with it, mais que voulez-vous, chère amie? La guerre, c'est la guerre.

"The second spy I have to tell you of was after another pattern. We are not all made of the same stuff. The poor wretch was as keen about the preservation of his life as the other had been indifferent to it. He glibly promised to do any and everything I wanted, would give me valuable indications as to the Prussian movements, and so on and so on. But even were the man to be trusted, what could we francs-tireurs do with such prisoners? Just then, too, we were at some distance from a town, reconnoitring a mountainous region that you know. The Prussians swarmed in every direction. We could ill spare a guard for the fellow, and if he succeeded in giving us the slip we should most certainly have paid for the act with our necks and have been strung up to a man. So I told off a firing-party, and he too was shot like the other. It was a cruel deed—mains que voulez-vous, chère amie? La guerre, c'est la

guerre. And you have he[illegible]Ve *francs-tireurs* could used any franc-tireur wh[illegible], *pardie*[illegible] men can defy torture a[illegible]ut flinching, myself among them, but we are not all fashioned alike. That is why I reproached myself afterwards for not having let the second spy go, seeing how he clung to life. And now you shall hear about our great capture, and the men hidden in the packing-cases."

Here I interrupt this narrative with a few remarks.

There is ever something uncanny about genius; no small consolation for us humdrum folks wedded to tea and buttered toast, and calling in a couple of doctors and two certificated nurses for a cold in the head.

A genius in his way, Bombonnel held what our French neighbours call *la comfortable* in supreme contempt. This life of a free-lance, with all its hardships and hazards, was infinitely more to his taste than a visit to his friends Napoleon III. or Victor Emanuel. When he spoke of being able to defy torture and confront death without flinching, he made no empty boast. As we have seen, the face to face encounter with an infuriated panther was the realisation of a lifelong dream, and the story of the patched-up face, even as naïvely recorded by himself, suggests superhuman powers of endurance. Remote from the resources of civilisa-

determined to carry it [illegible]hout proper nursing, he he ever had! At [illegible] have killed most men.

"I can in [illegible]store your physiognomy, at anyrate give you features that will be human," had said his friend Dr. Bodichon to him, "but I warn you beforehand, the suffering will be horrible."

"Doctor," replied the dauntless little man, "do your best, I can answer for myself. The heart is sound."

Here is the list of the wounds inflicted by the panther of Corso:—Five on the left hand, the animal's teeth having pierced it in three places, eight in the left arm, four in the head, *ten in the face*, four in the mouth, the nasal bone being broken, five teeth wrenched out, the left cheek below the eyelid, torn to tatters. And four months* after that wonderful patching-up and sewing together, Bombonnel was again at his panther-hunts, joyfully courting the same perils, night after night watching for his prey in awful solitudes and alone, praying to St. Hubert, we may be sure, for a second and still more desperate encounter. Well, therefore, might he regret his pitilessness towards the silent spy, a hero for whose impassibility he must have felt sympathy, and perhaps it was only natural that he should in the first instance

* It must be remembered that this took place in 1853, since which time immense progress has been made in the treatment of wounds.

have felt contempt for the other, hardening his heart towards weakness he did not share.

We read that when any unlucky franc-tireur fell into Prussian hands during this war, he was put to death after cruel fashion. They might have done their worst with the small spare man on whose head they had set a price. Bombonnel would have remained Bombonnel to the last!

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOUVENIRS OF A FRANC-TIREUR (*continued*).

The surprise.—The packing-cases.—A modern Jeanne Hachette.—The march into Dijon.—The Prussian general and his lieutenant.—Ideal government.

I NOW continue my franc-tireur's stories, giving each in his own simple straightforward language, neither adding, suppressing, nor changing a word.

"It was nightfall when we came in sight of a village that you know. What was our astonishment to see it illuminated as for a *fête,* church and mairie lighted up, candles burning in every window. I bade my men halt for a moment whilst I reflected what was best to do, then I ordered them to move forward cautiously till we should get within hearing.

"All at once tramp, tramp, tramp, we heard close by, and I shouted—you know that I can make my voice heard from one end of Dijon to the other—'L'ennemi! en avant, en avant, cernez le village!" (The enemy! Forward, forward, surround the village!)

"It happened that we were a mere handful just then, but I knew well enough what I was about.

Messieurs les Prussiens should not escape me this time.

"'Cernez le village!' I shouted again and again.

"Then bidding my men follow me close up, I marched at their head right into the middle of the village street. I knew where to look for the enemy. Into the one hotel of the place we forced our way and up the staircase, my men behind me, heel to heel, filling staircase and landing, crowding the premises below. On this first storey, as in all village inns, was a large room or hall in which banquets and dances were held. Bursting open the door, I saw a company of Prussians smoking cigars and otherwise enjoying themselves after dinner. They had rid themselves of their arms and military accoutrements, which were stacked up in the middle of the room. There were about a hundred of them in charge of officers.

"'The village is surrounded,' I cried. 'There are three thousand of us at hand. Give yourselves up as prisoners of war.'

"The Prussians had been taken so completely by surprise that there was no time to catch up their arms. And behind me, standing as thickly as they could be packed, were my men, their bayonets making a hedge.

"'Give us an hour for deliberation,' said the officer in command.

"I pulled out my watch, the gold repeater presented to me by my friend Victor Emanuel.

"'I give you five minutes,' I answered. 'If at the end of five minutes you surrender yourselves you shall be treated with the honours of prisoners of war. If not, you will all be shot down like so many rabbits, and that in quick time.'

"Of course they gave themselves up. What else could they do? Yet they were in reality at least two to our one! My three thousand existed just then in imagination only.

"And now I will tell you of an incident that happened in the same region. As you know, many villages of the Jura are little watch and clock manufactories. Folks live by making timepieces of every description, which are exported to all parts of the globe.

"Well, one day we entered a village in search of some Prussian scouts, and of course only got noes and shakes of the head. But we had good reason to believe that the inhabitants were hiding them, and we would not be pooh-poohed. As we stood thus parleying with the chief men of the village street, I heard an old woman say to a neighbour—

"'I told you how it would be; we should get into trouble by harbouring those Prussians.'

"That old woman as she spoke in an undertone did

not reckon with hearing such as mine. I turned round to the men near, the mayor and others—

"'Do you hear what that grandame says? You have some Prussians in hiding here.'

"True enough they had, but we were obliged to look for them; high and low we searched, and where do you suppose we found the wretches at last? In the packing-cases of a watch manufactory. Our blood was up, for they had led us a pretty dance, and we made quick work of them, I can tell you. Ah! you do not know what it is to have your country in the hands of the enemy. And to find French people, as I may say, our own flesh and blood, hiding the enemy! Ça même me donne envie de vomir aujourd'hui. (It makes me sick even now.) Well, we francs-tireurs did them no end of mischief, there is some consolation in that. And all country folks were not like those just named. *Pardie!* The women, for instance, I could tell you a fine story or two about these.

"There was that brave wench who saved the bridge, you shall hear about her.

"You know the banks of the dear friend Saône, as well as I do, you have visited Auxonne, Seurre, St. Jean de Losne and other towns situated on this river. And you have read how the first, the little town of Auxonne, where Buonaparte studied as a cadet (would we had

another like him!), defied all the attempts of the Prussians in 1870 to take it. But it was not there that the deed I am about to relate took place. The enemy then had been suddenly sighted on the other side of the Saône, making for a village only approachable by a wooden bridge. Now it was most important to cut off their advance at this or any other point, and as the country is flat thereabouts the townsfolk had time anyhow to do their best. Either the authorities had made up their minds beforehand to keep quiet whatever happened, or the sudden appearance of the Prussians paralysed them, for not a soul stirred!

"This was too much for a good woman, whose name I forget,—she afterwards got the Legion of Honour,—and who was a wife and a mother. Forth she rushed towards the bridge armed with her husband's hatchet.

"'Do you call yourselves men?' she shouted as she traversed the village street. 'If the enemy march into the village it shall then be over a woman's body.'

"Of course the townsfolk could not stand that, so out they poured in a body. The bridge was a rotten affair; they hacked and they hewed, up flamed barrels of pitch and tar. By the time the Prussians arrived the bridge was gone!

"And had every woman in France behaved like that one, things would have turned out very differently. We should have seen the last of Messieurs les Prussiens in quick time, and have kept Alsace and Lorraine into the bargain.

"Now I will tell you what happened after the proclamation of the armistice. We francs-tireurs were ordered to return to our homes unarmed and in civilian dress by a certain day. But I for one was not going to be humiliated by the last condition. I had been awarded a colonel's rank, in my person the uniform of a French soldier had not been dishonoured, I made up my mind to wear it to the last, in fine, to re-enter Dijon as I quitted it, in *képi* and tunic, sword at my side and bayonet on my shoulder. I knew that by so doing I was running a double risk. The Prussians then occupying the city might shoot me as a contravener, the French authorities might clap me into prison, but my resolution was unshakable. I would traverse Dijon from one end to the other in broad daylight and in full colonel's uniform. As I wished myself to be seen as much as possible, in other words, to convince everybody that I well knew what I was about, I entered, not at the Porte Guillaume near my home, but at the Porte Neuve, which, as you well know, is at the other extremity of the town.

"The townsfolk popped their heads out of the win-

dows and gaped from their shop-doors in mute astonishment. I passed alike Prussian soldiers and French gendarmes. They turned round to stare, whispered to each other, shrugged their shoulders, and that was all. Everyone either knew me or guessed that it was Bombonnel. On arriving at my lodging (I was then living *en garçon* in the Rue ——) I found to my disgust that a young Prussian lieutenant had taken possession. Now a little bird had whispered into my ear that, by virtue of a mutual agreement between the French Government and German General holding command at Dijon, my premises were to be respected.

"I therefore, and in somewhat abrupt terms, begged the impudent young whipper-snapper to take himself off, but he kept on nagging and nagging. At last I said to him, my patience being exhausted, 'You see that it is impossible for me to house you. I have only bachelor accommodation, not so much as a spare bed to offer anyone.'

"Even this did not settle the saucy young dog, he made a coarse retort, to which he got a coarser answer; then, in order to stand no more nonsense, I sent for the Prussian General. If I could only describe what followed!

"'Leave the house, sir,' was all he said, but never

did chastised slave at New Orleans quail before his master as did this Prussian lieutenant before his General.

"With one arm holding his belongings, with the other making military salute, he crept, all but on all-fours, out of the room. I have spent many years in the slave states of Southern America, as you know, but never did I witness such abject subjection. I must say that no one could behave with greater courtesy than that General.

"'Monsieur Bombonnel,' he said, after a lengthy chat, 'you did us much harm, but you only performed your duty as a Frenchman. Rest assured that your privacy will be respected.'

"So the Prussian Government did not get my head, and no one pocketed the twelve thousand five hundred francs offered for—what the panther of Corso had left of it! After the signing of the peace, the Republic named me Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, with it according the pension, two hundred and fifty francs, given to soldiers thus decorated of the regular army. I am no Republican,—Heaven forbid!—but France is France whether governed by an Emperor or a band of good-for-nothings like myself, and as the Prussian General said, I did my duty. Aye, I did my duty, thanks to

St. Hubert, to whose care I have ever daily committed myself! As you know, I never lost a man, and after the war my men subscribed a testimonial—an illuminated address I will show you—and I am *'mon Colonel'* to them all to this day.

"To return to the Republic, I know of course that the Revolution of '89 was necessary, but I know also what Frenchmen are, and the government that is good for them. There was that Moorish baker, I will tell you about him, and you will then understand what I call government. Well, when I was first in Algeria, thirty years and more ago,—the truth of the story I can vouch for—there was a baker at Tangiers who systematically defrauded the people by adulterating his bread. This came to the knowledge of the Sultan, a man of uncommon understanding and a true lover of justice. In order to convince himself that there was no mistake about the matter, he sent his servants disguised as poor artisans, and on separate occasions, for a loaf. Each time the bread was not only as bad as could be, but short of weight into the bargain. Then the Sultan, with his justiciaries and a great retinue, went to the bakery in person. The oven was cold, but ordering it to be heated to its utmost capacity, the dishonest baker was thrust inside and the door closed upon him. And from that day no bread was adulterated or of short weight in

Tangiers. Now that is what *I* call a government, but alas! we shall never enjoy the like in France, where Jack is as good as his master! The only man we have worth anything is Paul de Cassagnac. There is loyalty if you like!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RENDEZVOUS DE CHASSE.

Joint-stock panther-hunting.—*Un beau parleur.*—Disillusions.—"The sunshine of the place."—Farewell!

There is no doubt whatever that the irrefutable proof, the indelible sign of genius, is a certain pronounced whimsicality, just a touch, *un soupçon*, as the French say, of craziness. Men and women may possess shining parts, may rise to pre-eminence in many fields, by their saneness ye shall know them! Write any human being sane, and we may be sure he does not possess the god-like gift "le feu sacré."

The pedlar, panther-slayer, and franc-tireur was now to enter upon a new, yet not final, phase of his extraordinary career.

A few years after the war he received still handsomer acknowledgment at the hands of the Republic. The government of M. Grévy presented him with a magnificent hunting-ground in Algeria, several hundred acres of forest and waste remote from civilisation. The great hunter had been permitted to select his spot, and naturally chose one in which he might reasonably look

for wild beasts, and above all, for entire seclusion. In the rare correspondence of John Stuart Mill and Auguste Comte lately published, we read of a projected joint-stock company for the spread of Positivism. A Limited Liability Panther-hunting Company seems even more chimerical. Yet such a scheme now dawned on Bombonnel's mind. It occurred to him, rather flashed upon his mind, that he could turn this noble gift to international account, in other words, organise a grand *rendezvous de chasse* on joint-stock principles. The plan was exceedingly ingenious, and at first sight plausible enough. A payment of two thousand francs would entitle the possessor to winter sojourns *ad lib* at the rendezvous—board, lodging, and washing, with as many lions and panthers as he could get into the bargain. Above all these preference or fully paid-up shares included the supervision of Bombonnel himself.

In the summer of 1882 a card was brought to me at my hotel in Paris, bearing these words—"Monsieur D——, travelling representative of M. Bombonnel's Rendezvous de Chasse." The bearer was of course admitted, and then ensued a scene to which only a Dickens or a Thackeray could have done justice.

There entered an uncommonly good-looking, personable man of reassuring age. Who can entertain suspicion of a well-fed, well-dressed, exuberant man of sixty? That anyone in these terrible competitive days should

attain such years without attenuation, wrinkles, and shabbiness is a fact speaking volumes, if not for his character, at anyrate for his good luck.

One circumstance, and one only, at first suggested misgiving. As we all know, no Frenchman calls upon a lady without paying some attention to his toilette, seeing that his coat is well brushed, his gloves in good condition and so on. But there is a wide difference between being well dressed and newly rigged out from top to toe. My visitor's garments had a freshness and glossiness, his boots a creakiness, that attracted notice; of a piece were immaculate gloves, fine lawn handkerchief, and elegant little pocket-book, to which still adhered the shopman's ticket.

Never, so long as I live, shall I forget those lavender-gloved fingers and that brand-new pocket-book of Russian leather.

"My card will, I feel sure, excuse this little visit made in the interest of our friend, M. Bombonnel," he began; then with delicate insinuation added, "Madame will, I hope, permit the observation, that in the most important business matters feminine far-sightedness and tact are of the first necessity."

I was under no obligation to reply. The stranger rattled on,—but no, let me not malign him in the least particular, he continued volubly, speaking excellent, even

epigrammatic French, and with a considerable engagingness of manner.

"You are of course so familiar with the grandiose scheme of my dear master (*cher maître*), that I feel sure I may count upon fullest sympathy with schemes so cosmopolitan and so much in harmony with the spirit of your countrymen. For the better furtherance of his views, M. Bombonnel has constituted me his travelling representative; after having thoroughly awakened public interest in the subject on French soil I shall visit—in his name and, of course, at his expense—the various capitals of Europe, London, Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and others, for the purpose of enrolling shareholders. The affair is excellent, I am convinced of its success, and you know the French proverb, Madame, *il faut vaincre ou mourir* (we must conquer or die!). In the meantime——"

Here the immaculately gloved fingers fumbled among the contents of the pocket-book.

"In the meantime, and I shall be infinitely indebted if you will press this point upon my dear master, I must have money, I am not a moneyed man. M. Bombonnel understands well enough that my journeys to the various courts and capitals of Europe must entail upon him a very considerable expense. But he does not see how fatal anything approaching to niggardliness must prove at the outset, and above all in Paris. He bids me, for in-

stance, interview journalists on the subject, here are the cards of a few with whom I have appointed interviews."

Several cards were now produced bearing the names of newspaper correspondents.

"Now I ask a lady of your experience and understanding, is it possible for me to take up the time of these gentlemen without inviting them to breakfast or dinner, and of course to invite a total stranger at fixed price is impossible also— —"

He repeated the words with an expression of unmeasured scorn.

"I ask you, Madame, if I invited a writer on the staff, say, of the 'Figaro' or the 'Petit Journal' to *déjeuner* at fixed price, in what light should I appear? As the shabbiest fellow going. No, we must do things very differently if we would float this magnificent affair."

Perhaps I began to look a little unconvinced and inquiring, for now from the recesses of that elegant pocket-book came a rather long letter.

"I must explain to you that I am merely in Paris on M. Bombonnel's account, staying in fact at the Hotel B—— in the Rue A——; my home is a rustic retreat on the banks of the Oise, and I will just read a line or two received this very morning from my dear wife,

it will give you an idea of our harmonious fire-side."

Accordingly he read aloud half a page of wifely counsel slightly tinctured with gush, his own composition I have no doubt.

"My love," ran the missive, "anxious as I am to have your cherished society once more, I can but rejoice that you have undertaken an enterprise so suited to your energies, and the issue of which will, I feel sure, redound to your prudence and disinterestedness."

"Ah," said my visitor, turning over the page, "let me read you the postscript, your sex always delights in a postscript, often the most delicious part of a letter—'Dear Alphonse, I have just gathered three greengages from your favourite tree, how could I eat them alone? Pray manage your affairs so that you have your Sunday for me.'"

He folded up the missive, and put back the pocket-book with quite a lover-like sigh.

"Ah! *chère amie*" (here he apostrophised his wife, a wholly imaginary being I felt sure). "Ah! *chère amie*, how can I repay such delicacy, such devotion. But I must not venture to take up more of your time. In M. Bombonnel's interest—what are my own poor little percentages compared to the success of his magnificent undertaking?—in the interest therefore of my *cher*

maître and your friend, I beg your kind support. From outsiders, that is to say, from friends and acquaintances, a true appreciation of the case will come better than from a paid representative."

I heartily acquiesced in this sentiment, and after a few more neatly turned phrases, he bowed himself out.

Needless to say that alike lavender kid gloves, Russian leather pocket-book, and the rest came out of Bombonnel's pocket, needless also to add that the tour of European courts and capitals did not take place.

Regretfully, indeed sadly, the panther-slayer dismissed his pseudo agent.

"I am sorry the man turned out a swindler," he said, "I was greatly taken with him. J'aime tant un beau parleur!" (I so much like anyone who has the gift of the gab.)

But disillusion did not end here. Whilst building his lodge and framing his prospectuses, Bombonnel forgot one important fact. His famous raids belonged to a past generation, meantime civilisation had advanced with rapid pace, the panthers, discreet animals, as quickly retreating before it. When at length some stray enthusiast—Russian grand duke, Austrian prince, or Italian count—visited the Rendezvous de Chasse, they found no more chance of firing at lions or panthers than at

Biarritz or Monte Carlo, instead flocks of partridges tame as Parisian sparrows, only under the pressure of hunger the most inveterate sportsman finding it in his heart to take a shot.

Another delusion awaited the projector. "A lodge in some vast wilderness" has indeed become mythical as Merlin's cave, nowadays no less of a survival than the jousting-ground. A twelve hours' journey by a mountain road from Algiers might well have held out dreams of solitude, of a hunter's life secure from fashion and the world. But no such thing! The routine of cosmopolitan hotels, excursions shorn of adventure end in *ennui*. As soon as his country folks found one day very much like another, they said, "Why on earth should we not visit Bombonnel?"

And visit him they did.

He still hoped for stray panthers, watching for them on moonlight nights; but sure as ever his preparations were made, some vehicle would be descried in the distance, a coachful of ladies and gentlemen come to kill time. To shut one's doors under such circumstances was impossible. So matters had to be made the best of, the night-watch given up, the place turned into a veritable caravanserai, Bombonnel himself often acting as cook, and his Arab *muchachos* (lads) as waiters and ladies'-maids. Incredible as it may seem, so serious became these intrusions that the hunter felt more at

his ease in Burgundy; he could better enjoy privacy, he said, within a league or two of Dijon!

One tie, and one tie only now bound him to his lodge in the wilderness. This was a magnificent lion that used to visit a stream running near, and there undisturbed slake its thirst. Bombonnel allowed no one to molest the noble animal, who, as he prettily said, "faisait la gaieté de l'établissement" (was the sunshine of the place).

But on returning one winter he found that his lion had disappeared, fallen a prey to Arab sportsmen.

Disenchantment could no further go. The place lost all charm. The loss of his huge pet preyed upon his spirits. He gave up Algeria altogether, and died at Dijon in June 1890, a colossal statue of Saint Hubert now marking his grave in the new cemetery.

CHAPTER XX.

A RENEGADE VILLAGE.

"Do Protestants believe in God?"—How *la religion* was enforced.—A commonsense priest.—French and English lads compared.

WEEKS and months, which if rolled up into one or two sum totals, would have made years, were spent by me in the Côte d'Or from 1879 to the present time. With Bombonnel's story, however, these Burgundian reminiscences end. Only one more chapter—and that a brief one—shall be devoted to recollections alike mirth-provoking and of deepest melancholy. In twenty years how many ties are broken for ever, how many friends drop from living ken! Henceforth my errands to the beautiful city of Dijon will be mortuary, for the sad garlanding of lonely and beloved graves. Before turning to other scenes, I must however mention one curious revelation of country life hereabouts, a revelation of profound historic interest.

The village which year after year was my summer resort, I may say my home, lay twelve miles east of Dijon, between that city and the little town of Is-sur-

Tille. Here several families, all more or less connected, and all moving in the same walk of life, had their country-houses, these Dijonnais, barristers, solicitors, notaries, spending the long vacation, not after English fashion in travel, but on their own property. The little society of which I long formed a member was very patriarchal, two or even three generations sharing the same roof, a kind of Chinese wall shutting out alien influences. When, therefore, for the first time a foreigner and a Protestant was admitted into the social circle, some little reserve and distrust might be expected. But quite the contrary! Imperialist in politics, Ultramontane in dogma, uncosmopolitan, and for the most part untravelled, these new friends yet received me with whole-hearted sympathy. Perhaps at first I was the subject of puzzlement and curiosity, certainly to the country folks I appeared outlandish. "Une Anglaise et une Protestante, grand Dieu!" (an Englishwoman and a Protestant, good Heavens!), they would exclaim, asking many naïve questions, and making many ingenious reflections.

Here is a specimen.

"It grieves me to think that you are a Protestant," said one young woman to me, a girl rather of the superior sort, acting as caretaker of a ruined *château*. "Your conversation pleases me; I should like to think that we might meet hereafter in Heaven. Won't you

ponder the matter? You would see the superiority of our religion to yours."

"So long as the world lasts," I rejoined, "mankind will never be agreed upon such subjects. Do not therefore be unhappy about what no earthly power can prevent."

"Ah!" she sighed, "you have no commandments, you have no confession."

"Pardon," I exclaimed, "we obey the law of Moses and confess to God. If you think of it, there is no reason why we should not meet in a better world."

This seemed to set her thinking, although the look of wistful uncertainty did not pass from her face.

Most often the interrogation was of blunter kind.

"Now do tell me," asked more than one rustic acquaintance, "do you Protestants believe in God?"

Even among the educated strange notions existed about the reformed religion.

I remember well that one day a French Protestant from Dijon had joined the family circle. Some question arose *à propos* of which he quoted a text from the Old Testament; I followed suit with one from the New. Never shall I forget the astonishment of my hostess, an aged lady whose affection for myself had become quite motherly.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, dropping her knife and fork, "how well you Protestants know your Bible!"

Nonconformity no more than foreign birth stood in the way of close intercourse. Perhaps to these very circumstances I owed much amiability and confidence. The gist of my chapter is now to come.

In these rustic spots Protestantism may be described as non-existent. Dijon itself numbers several hundred Protestants,* and for many years has been the seat of a consistory. The outlying villages belong exclusively to what M. Brunetière and his followers persist in calling *la religion*, according to these worthies, Mariolatry and anti-Semitism alone deserving the name. Many of the country people whose acquaintance I made in my walks confessed that they had never before met a Protestant.

Just seven years ago a resident of the village hereabouts most familiar to me published a little work based upon its archives.** These rural records are of the deepest interest to all students of French history, but I will touch upon one point only. In turning over my friend's opuscule, I discovered that the village in question, up till the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had been almost exclusively Protestant, and that the very ancestors of my Ultramontane friends and neighbours figured among the abjurers. For upwards of several

* A handsome Protestant church was consecrated here in November 1898.

* "Un village Bourguignon sous l'ancien Régime," par A. Huguenin, Dijon, 1893.

hundred years these small estates had been handed down from father to son, apostacy here, if anywhere, being excusable. Remote from the sea-coast, hemmed round by Royal Dragoons, under the very walls of Dijon, their property consisting chiefly in houses and vineyards, how could small Burgundian landowners defy the arch-tyrant of modern times? We read that out of thirty and odd families, only two or three shook the dust of France from off their feet and contrived to escape, the rest abjuring in a body. Here is an account of what actually took place, drawn textually from the communal records:—

"The declaration of his Majesty having been registered by the Dijon parliament," wrote the prior Guillaume, "on Monday, the 15th of October, 1685, M. de Harlet, Intendant of Burgundy and Bresse, accompanied by the *maréchaussée (gendarmerie)* of Dijon, went to Is-sur-Tille, the temple (Protestant church) of which town was then and there razed to the ground, and the pastor of the reformed religion so-called expelled from the place, his daughter, aged seven, being retained.* On the Friday following, being All Saints' Day, I received the abjuration of twenty-seven families at Gemeaux, making in all one hundred and

* See "Le Protestantism au Hâvre," *par* Amphoux, Hâvre, 1894, for a history of kidnapped Protestant children at this time.

three persons hitherto professing the reformed religion so-called."

Here then is an instance of what fanaticism can effect when backed up with brute force and unchecked by public opinion. The kidnapping of children acted as a terroriser more powerful than torture or death. How full of awful meaning the sentence just quoted, "having expelled the pastor and *retained his daughter aged seven years!* * But all recollections of Protestantism have not perished at Gemeaux. A road leading to Mirebeau, formerly taken by Protestants when wending their way to church, is still called *le chemin des Huguenots*, and their ancient cemetery is identified to this day.

What struck me as curious was the extreme, the unleavened Ultramontanism of these Catholics descended from Protestant stock. The boys were all sent to the Jesuit colleges, the girls to convent schools, no meat appearing on the Friday dinner-table except a slice for the Protestant guest.* One of my friends, a charming young woman whom I loved dearly, made the pilgrimage

* The prior Guillaume writes:—"Ayant interdit et renvoyé Gunthier, ministre, et retenu sa fille, âgée de 7 années."—"Un village Burguignon," p. 258.

* I always make a point of begging my Catholic hosts for this exception. Not that I care for meat, but nothing whatever would induce me to give in to priestly ordinance in any form.

to Lourdes no less than three times, I need not add in vain—she died of consumption soon after the third journey. Not long before the end I saw this dear friend. "Pray for me," she said as I was about to take leave.

"The prayers of a Protestant?" I replied, smiling sadly. "You ask for mine?"

"Are we not all the children of God?" she made answer, thus showing how human nature rises above vile sacerdotal teaching.

Do I not find the following in a Romanish catechism for the use of young children?*

"*Query.* Who are those who remain outside the Church?

"*Answer.* Infidels, heretics, schismatics, apostates, and excommunicated.

"*Query.* Is there salvation outside the Catholic Church?

"*Answer.* No. No one can be saved without belonging to the Catholic Church."

Here was one who had outreached her spiritual instructions, reason getting the better of dogma.

Upon more than one occasion I found it was the priest whose good sense had overcome superstition.

* "Catéchisme du Diocèse de Coutances." 1881.

An old friend, a retired notary of Dijon, accompanied me one day on a visit to some lady friends living near Seurre. The curé, as is usually the case, was invited to *déjeuner*, and afterwards spent some time with us in the drawing-room.

I noticed that he had been in earnest conversation with one of the ladies, the pair apparently at friendly variance on some point, each trying to persuade the other. At last the priest, after a low-voiced, hasty retort, and a shrug of the shoulders, rose from his seat and joined the others. As we drove home my cavalier said, "Did you observe Mdlle. B—— and M. le Curé? She is always plaguing him for an extra confession, *pour tuer le temps* (to kill time). To-day he got quite cross, and said, 'Once a month, confess once a month, mademoiselle, and you have fulfilled your obligation. But confess every week? Why not then every day, every hour, in fact, be always at it?' Ah!" added the curé to me, "quelle corvée, ces vieilles dévotes! (What an infliction these old devotees!). They have no mercy upon us poor priests!"

There is surely something to be said for the old devotees. What else but sacerdotalism has thus narrowed their mental horizon and circumscribed their lives? Is it any wonder that in country places confession should take the place of mundane pastime?

Before quitting Burgundy I should like to say something about French and English lads, regarded from the social standpoint. My experience certainly favours the latter. Whether brought up in Jesuit College or *lycée*, whether belonging to the upper or middle ranks, a French boy—such at least is my view—has here the advantage of his English compeer, possesses more amiability, *savoir vivre*, and without doubt a livelier desire to please. Our public scholars are first-rate in their way, but so are French lads in theirs.

Let me illustrate my meaning by personal anecdotes. Should these pages, dear Auguste, fall under your eyes, you will, I am sure, smilingly forgive me.

Eighteen years have glided by since you so cheerfully packed your grandmother's trunk, and enlivened for her and me a week of downpour with piano and prelections. No inappropriate lesson for your little sons, this souvenir of their father's serviceableness and good humour! Auguste G——, then, at the time I write of was about sixteen, and being an only child had received the usual coddling and petting of children in France. Here I will quote the saying of an Anglo-French friend on this subject.

"My firm belief is," she said, "that French amiability arises from the fact of children being thoroughly spoiled and humoured, whereas in England boys and

girls get morose and unsociable from perpetual interference with their wills and inclinations." I do not go so far as my friend here, although much is to be said for her argument.

It happened then, that whilst staying with Auguste at an inland spa, his grandmother fell ill. She was an old lady and as her symptoms seemed serious, the doctors ordered her immediate departure. I am sorry to say that this experience of a health resort and its medical attendants painfully recalled a scene in Balzac's wonderful "Peau de Chagrin". In Madame G——'s condition the journey from St. Honoré-les-Bains in the Morvan to Dijon ought on no account whatever to have been undertaken. But a death in the height of the season would be disastrous in the extreme, preventing fresh arrivals, and hurrying new-comers away. I add that the poor lady's malady was pneumonia and therefore non-infectious, a fact telling still more against the doctors.

When I arrived, therefore, having promised to join the pair for a couple of weeks, I found my old friend in bed and her grandson, preparing for the hurried move, getting her things together as handily as he could. He had been searching for a certain pair of stockings, and now held them up triumphantly. "This must be the pair you mean, grandmother?" he said, and, but for

my timely arrival, would, I feel sure, have helped the invalid to dress. Very gladly I hastened to the rescue, packed the trunk, got my friend ready, and saw her and her youthful protector into the train. At the junction twenty minutes off she was met by others of the family, and, strange to say, did not die on the road.

I question if an English lad would so serenely have torn himself from cricket or football on a similar errand. Upon another occasion three months of drought in Burgundy were followed by continuous rain. In our own Lake District or North Wales, tourists and holiday-makers go abroad even when "the rain, it raineth every day." In France, folks act after a more indolent and perhaps more rational fashion. They do not put their noses out of doors till the sun shines again.

This country house contained a most excellent library of French classics. But the modern novel seemed more appropriate for family reading on wet days. So Auguste, who had lately purchased "L'Abbé Constantin" read it aloud, without pause except for meals. And when he had got through "L'Abbé Constantin," as the weather did not improve, never sparing himself, he got through another. How well I remember it! The title was "La Lizardière," by whom written I know not. It was a pretty story.

It ended happily, as love-stories should; above all,

this especial reading of it brought out the inestimable French virtue to which we insulars, and especially young insulars, cannot too eagerly aspire, namely, a chronic desire of gratifying others.

CHAPTER XXI.

SCENES OF MILITARY LIFE.

My "miracle."—Little inconveniences of barrack life.—Manœuvres. —"Passed like a dream."—The return of the conscripts.—Outdoor recreations of a *lycéen*.

My young friend Edmund N—— was in his twenty-first year, when in 1891 he visited me at Hastings. Under middle height, already moustached, formed alike in body and in mind, I should no more have dreamed of seeing a cubit added to his stature than to my own.

Having acquired sufficient English for business purposes, he was now about to return home, re-entering the commercial house quitted nine months before, and awaiting his *tirage au sort,* in other words, conscription.

Just three years later I had an appointment with my young soldier in the Botanic Garden of Dijon.

We were to stroll about for an hour, afterwards dining with his uncle, an officer of high rank here quartered.

What was my amazement when a giant of a dragoon, after making military salute, addressed me in English.

It was my slim little Edmund! Eighteen months of barrack life had worked a miracle, putting to the

blush those of "our Lady of the Grotto." When bidding me adieu in England he stood five feet five or six inches in his shoes. I now beheld a strapping handsome fellow considerably over six feet high, broad shouldered* to boot, indeed as fine a specimen of masculine humanity as you could find throughout Europe. The dragoon's uniform of course heightened the imposingness of his appearance, and the day being Sunday he was considerably embellished. The coquettish red tuft surmounting horse-hair tail was in itself a sign of full dress.

"On my word, my little Edmund!" quoth I, eyeing him admiringly from head to foot, I had known him as a gingerbread-loving brat of nine, "on my word!"

"Yes," he replied complacently, "I am a bit taller than when I saw you at Hastings. Indeed it is now no easy matter to fit me with trousers in barracks, my legs being so much longer than the average. You see we are not measured for new clothes. Like prisoners, we have to be satisfied with those left behind by our predecessors. That is why conscripts are punished for a grease stain or the loss of a button."

"How on earth came you to enter a cavalry regi-

* What poetic Jingo indited the foolish line—"An English pair of shoulders in the crowd"? The percentage of undersized, pallid, atrophied creatures in England is as great, perhaps greater, than in France.

ment?" I asked. "To the best of my knowledge the only thing you ever rode in England was a bicycle?"

"You are right, but I ever loved horses, and I was determined when my turn came to be a dragoon. My parents and my uncle did their utmost to dissuade me; it was of no use."

"Hard you must find the life indeed."

"Ah!" here he laughed. "Hard is not the word. We expect that. It is the liability to punishment for trivial offences that is worst to bear. The least little infringement of rules, or carelessness about one's clothes, and you get several days of prison. Of course some superior officers are much severer than others. For my own Colonel I have nothing but praise."

"I am glad to find that you have not wholly lost your English," I continued; "have you time for a little reading?"

"Not a moment! We are so tired when exercise or work is over that we are only too thankful to sleep—if sleep we can."

"Why can't you then?"

He hesitated, then went on:—

"Well, there are barracks and barracks; some are new and some are old, and in the latter there are *petits inconvénients* (trifling annoyances). In fact, to be plain, fleas—and worse. In one *caserne* the worse used to keep us awake half the night. It has since under-

gone thorough cleansing and repair, and I daresay no one is now disturbed. For my part, such *petits inconvénients* are less endurable than military duties."

The season was July, and the weather of torried sultriness.

"Your dress looks very hot and uncomfortable," I said.

"Oh!" was the reply, "we wear linen tunics and trousers at exercise. I am to-day in full uniform, but it is only the helmet I mind. When we go indoors you shall feel its weight, just upon two pounds."

"It is a marvel that you don't all get brain-fever."

"Some of us do," he replied coolly, "not every man can stand a soldier's life. And then the manœuvres! A good many knock up then."

"Tell me about the manœuvres."

"Oh! the work is desperately hard. During those of last year we were often in the saddle all day long and wet to the skin, for the season was rainy. There was no time to snatch a meal till night came, and next morning we had to be up and after our horses at four o'clock. In very hot weather we suffer most. Men drop from sunstroke like flies. But we often have a first-rate time. Everything depends on the region, whether we are in a rich or poor country."

"How is that?"

"Well, as you know, every mother's son in France is

now obliged to serve his time. When the manœuvres take place, the country folks, no matter where we go, welcome us as if we all belonged to them. Some villages are rich and some are poor, so that of course we fare very differently according to circumstances. In the Côte d'Or we lived like princes, all the peasants offering us roast meat and good wine. In the Morvan we shared everyone's best, but the best was bad. You would hardly believe what a difference we found there, but the good folks did there utmost. And after the manœuvres, and we were marching home, one might have taken us for a victorious army. Pipe and tabor were brought out, the village girls put on Sunday dress, and we danced away till past midnight. Yes, the conscript is thoroughly spoiled (*jôliment gâté*) at such times."

On the following year I again met my friend Edmund, now about to exchange barrack life for the counting-house. Meantime his position had immensely improved.

He now enjoyed the privileges of a *sous-officier;* instead of sharing a dormitory with fifty others, having the third of a comfortable room and a fairly liberal table. In appearance too he showed his altered circumstances, looking trim and smart as any lieutenant of the regular army. This advance was due to intelligence and good conduct.

"Are you glad or sorry?" I asked, as we dined together on the eve of his departure for Paris.

"It would be hard to say," was his reply. "I am very sorry to take leave of several comrades, none of whom I am in the least likely to see again, and I do not look upon military training as a bad thing. It makes men of many youths who have been too much coddled at home. It develops our muscular strength and powers of endurance. When I entered the *caserne* my heart sank within me at the prospect of three years' service. But the three years that began so hardly have passed like a dream!"

During the next few days Dijon was all alive in consequence of this *rentrée des classes*, in other words, the return of conscripts having finished their term of service.

In parties of several hundred, accompanied by relations, friends, and comrades, bands playing, drums beating, flags flying, the young soldiers now marched towards the railway-station, thence to be dispersed all over France. With what joy must many have doffed, most of them evidently re-assumed, civilian dress, their sacrifice to mother-country over, their lives henceforth to belong to themselves! The station and approaches were crowded, each conscript forming the centre of a little group, greeting kinsfolk come to welcome them, and taking leave of associates during the long probation.

Here were young peasants returning to the plough, there youths of rank and fortune or seminarists and candidates for the Protestant pastorate, these now, as in Germany, being compelled to pay the blood-tax. As a rule the prevailing air was of exultation and relief, but there were exceptions. Not for all would the fatted calf be killed! To the very poor, the thriftless, and the ne'er-do-weel, disbandment came unwelcomely, if not to themselves, at least to their parents. For three years they had been housed, clothed, fed at the cost of the State. The red pantalon doffed, and they were once more brought face to face with the problem of to-morrow's bread. I here speak of a class from which even rich and happy France is not free, to those whom existence means a hand-to-mouth struggle for bare subsistence.

"Ah!" said a matron belonging to the rich middle-class, as together we watched the scene. "Many a poor mother's heart will sink within her to-day! Many a poor lad will regret his haversack and canteen."

This same lady, mother of three sons, added with regard to conscription generally, "No, as carried on in France I am not opposed to the system. For the robust and healthy such physical training is good and the discipline invaluable. We spoil our children too much. Conscription repairs the evil."

In order to round off this sketch I must go back a

little, recalling my fifteen-year-old Edmund, then at the Lycée of Vanves near Paris.

In company of his parents and little sister I had visited him one half-holiday, on Thursday afternoons pupils being permitted to receive their friends. This college, formerly a princely residence, stands in magnificent domains, upon these occasions thrown open, the boys' recreation ground being the usual walled-in space, dreary as a prison yard. The weather was beautiful, and to-day the park presented the appearance of a vast picnic, family groups seated under the trees, around them heaped cakes, fruit and wine.

I chatted with Edmund as we strolled to and fro.

"What are your outdoor amusements?" I asked.

"Oh, we haven't any at all."

"What do you do then during the hours of recreation?"

"What you and I are doing now, walk and talk."

This conversation had taken place fifteen years before; great, if not radical improvements have been since made in French colleges. Very likely cricket, lawn-tennis, and football are now the order of the day at Vanves. But the little conversation just quoted is very suggestive. No wonder that three years' barrack life had added a cubit to the *lycéen's* stature, that outdoor

occupations and muscular exercise had transformed my slim stripling into a vigorous young giant!

There is something to be said on the other side.

"It is quite a mistake to suppose that military service develops patriotism," lately observed in my hearing a young conscript belonging to the upper classes. "I for one, I am sure, am not a better patriot for going through this ordeal." And he added, "Hard as I felt sure it must be, it is harder by far than I could have imagined. Think of a young fellow decently brought up sharing a dormitory with perhaps fifty more, many belonging to the lowest class of society, of filthy habits and using the vilest language. Again, the manœuvres—how can young men reared like myself for professional life be expected to stand fatigues that would kill many a professional soldier? I assure you the very thought of the manœuvres makes me wretched."

Gallic elasticity of temperament surmounts obstacles apparently insuperable, and this jeremiad was uttered in the gayest manner.

CHAPTER XXII.

SCENES OF MILITARY LIFE (*continued*).

Caught in the manœuvres.—Supping with conscripts.—The march out.—"Filles des Régiments."

Two or three years later I was myself to have some experience of the manœuvres.

Arriving at the little town of Arcis-sur-Aube, Danton's birthplace, one September evening, I found that 15,000 soldiers had just swooped down upon the 2000 inhabitants and that the chance of procuring a night's lodging and a supper were poor indeed. The three ancient hostelries, which I dare aver, have not changed since Danton's time, were crowded with officers and their wives. Every private family alike rich and poor had given up spare rooms to the soldiers, whilst with regard to food, the place was as bare as an Algerian village devastated by locusts. To present a letter of introduction under such circumstances was out of the question. I should but have embarrassed friends in vain, their hospitality being already taxed to the utmost. Uselessly for some time I wandered from house to house; by every door hanging a little tablet bearing the

name and rank of the officer or officers temporarily lodged. And here let me explain that since the events of 1870-71, both officers and men whilst on the manœuvres are gratuitously housed by private persons. After the Prussian occupation, folks asked themselves why they should not now do for love what before they had been compelled to do by brute force; at the present time every spare bed alike in château, villa and cottage are placed at the disposal of the French army in September.

My tramping powers were fairly exhausted when a grocer's assistant kindly gave me one or two addresses, and found a little girl to act as guide.

Half-an-hour later I was supping with an intelligent, good-natured, middle-aged woman, daughter of a late communal schoolmaster. The table was spread in her kitchen opening onto a garden full of fruit-trees and flowers; soon other guests joined us. There were two young conscripts who the night before had rung her bell with the appeal—

"For five nights in succession we have slept on the ground, our only bed being a little straw. Will madame take us in?"

The answer was simply—

"Entrez."

And straightway my hostess had conducted them to

her best bedchamber, a cheerful airy room looking on to the street.

To-night the poor fellows looked dead beat, but revived somewhat after a bumper of good wine. One of the pair came from a great industrial centre of the north, and was very well educated; we clinked glasses and toasted the French army, whereupon bowing to me, he added—

"And to the health of the English army also, madame."

How characteristic was this incident! How in keeping with French sociability and readiness!

We chatted a good deal of the anti-Prussian feeling nursed in barrack and camp, then of another subject ever near my heart, namely, Anglo-French relations.

"Now," said I, "do tell me one thing. Is there any anti-English feeling in the French army?"

The young man looked up greatly astonished.

"None whatever," was the reply. "Why in heaven's name should there be?"

Next we talked of the golden age to come, in other words, of general disarmament, little foreseeing the Congress of three years later. Both conscripts regarded military service as a tremendous interference with civil life, an irreparable loss of time, indeed I have never found the slightest enthusiasm among these soldiers by

compulsion. The *corvée* is horrible, and the sooner got over, the better.

By four o'clock on the morrow, the household was astir, my hostess's permanent lodgers, an artisan and his wife, rising in order to regale the visitors before starting. Coffee is served out to each man by the suttlers, but home-prepared coffee is quite another thing. The conscripts are fathered and mothered by everybody. The poorest deny themselves on these occasions with the thought, "May our own lad fare equally well at the hands of the stranger!" Such fellow-feeling is perhaps the pleasantest, perhaps the only pleasant aspect of conscription.

On the second morning after arrival from early dawn the troops set out for the great encounter in the plain.

It was a fine martial array. From every street and side-street, issued one regiment after another—Lancers, Cuirassiers, Hussars, Dragoons, Artillerymen, and infantry. Here and there I noticed a horse-soldier leading his animal. Those men who have ill-treated or ill-cared for their horses are thus punished. The *cantinières* and their equipages formed an important feature of the show. The gaily-dressed "Filles du Régiment" of former days are now replaced by sober matrons, the name of each being affixed to her heavy vehicle. This change dates from the Franco-Prussian war. Until 1870 the *cantinière*

wore a semi-military uniform, and was ornamental as well as useful. Her successor is a portly *bourgeoise* in neat bonnet and dress of hodden grey. Each is accompanied by an equally decorous assistant of her own sex. Very important looking were Madame This and Madame That of such and such regiments, as seated in their semi-open carriages, they acknowledged the cheers of the crowd.

By noon the 15,000 soldiers, with their horses, guns, baggage, waggons, and ambulance-carts, had cleared out of the place. Only one or two urchins now played around Danton's statue. I stayed several days at Arcis, making the acquaintance of the Danton family and others.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REIMS AND ITS ENGLISH CITIZENS.

An Anglo-French record.—Bookless garrisons.—Soldiers at work and at play.—Contrasts.—A calligraphic marvel.—The Archbishop and the Wesleyan manufacturer.

My countryfolks halt at the ancient city of Champagne by tens of thousands. How many stay long enough to acquaint themselves with one most striking characteristic? How many realise that in this eminently French town for upwards of forty-six years an English citizen has unobtrusively, yet persistently, forwarded Anglo-French amenities and upheld the credit of the English name? Would that every French town possessed its Jonathan Holden or its Philip Gilbert Hamerton, men who, whilst retaining English citizenship, remain in closest sympathy with France, her people, and her institutions! Ever ready to further French progress, a steadfast advocate of Anglo-French relations, the great manufacturer of Reims is what he has always been, a fervent Protestant, a faithful subject of Queen Victoria, above all, a typical Englishman.

Mr. Holden, as the French so aptly word it, is "le

fils de ses œuvres," which in plain English means a self-made man, the creator of his own fortunes. Neither the distinction conferred upon him by a foreign Government, nor the commercial and social position he now occupies have in the very least changed the character of the man. His domestic life is arranged on a liberal scale, he yet retains the innate simplicity of early years.

"The happiest hours of my life," he will often say, "were those spent by me as a boy when attending a night-school at Bradford."

This appreciation of early opportunities has actuated Mr. Holden in all the great generosities of his life. To no munificent Rémois born and bred does his adopted city owe more than to its English resident.

Among the Jubilee offerings to Queen Victoria figured one of very special interest, and to be appropriately mentioned here. This was a handsome illuminated vellum offered by the Municipal Council of Reims, thanking Her Majesty for the Jubilee gifts presented to their city by Mr. Jonathan Holden. These gifts are the very last that would have occurred to most foreigners.

Mr. Holden went through the awful ordeal of the Franco-Prussian war. It then occurred to him that the normal existence of soldiers in garrison might be very greatly brightened and elevated by access to good books.

With the consent of the military authorities he organised not only libraries for both officers and men, but small collections on the principle of Mudie's book-boxes, these being sent from fort to fort, and exchanged at intervals.

The Third Empire, needless to say, had done nothing for the intellectual advance of French soldiers. The disasters following Sedan left no money for barrack luxuries. Hence garrison life might be described as bookless. The officers of course could read the papers at their *café*, and purchase books if so inclined. During recreation the men, like young Lycéens, must "walk and talk."

All this was changed at Reims through the medium of our countryman. In commemoration of the Queen's first Jubilee, Mr. Holden not only added to the original collections, but endowed a suburban quarter, building and furnishing a commodious reading-room and handsome library. The second Victorian Jubilee was celebrated by large pecuniary grants to both barracks and last-mentioned institution. Here I may mention that the donor has invariably refused all share either in the choice of books or general management. His gifts were unconditional.

It is with feelings of no common gratification that any countrymen of Mr. Holden's must visit these libraries. We feel proud of English sympathy and acknowledgment

having found such honourable expression, proud also that liberality so royal should be accompanied by reserve so delicate. To this day, however greatly he may have felt tempted to do so, Mr. Holden has never presented a single volume of his own choice to the libraries of his own founding, nor has he so much as visited those of the garrison.* Nothing could more strongly appeal to French sympathies than such reserve.

A portrait of the founder with suitable inscription has been placed in the officers' library, and a catalogue presented to him, of which I will make special mention further on.

In company of a lady I was shown over both libraries, and a most agreeable and instructive afternoon we passed at the barracks. An officer kindly acted as cicerone, first taking us to the soldiers' library and reading-room, only used by the men at certain hours.

The librarian *pro tem.* was himself a conscript serving his time, and evidently belonging to the peasant or artisan class.

"Have you read any English works in translation?" I asked.

* "I much wished to present to each of my libraries your own work, 'France of To-day,'" said Mr. Holden to me, "but in keeping with my rule of all abstention whatever, I refrained."

"Indeed I have," was the reply. "'Robinson Crusoe,' some of Dickens' stories, also some of Mayne Reid's; but you shall see what we have in our catalogue."

On glancing at the list of British authors I suggested a few additions, such as "La Foire aux Vanités" ("Vanity Fair"), "Adam Bede," and a few others. These our cicerone promised to suggest to the committee.

I must say that as a whole the collection seemed admirable. Travels are in high favour with the men, also illustrated periodicals—"Le Tour du Monde" and the like. Objectionable fiction is rigidly excluded, and preponderance given to literature alike recreative and educational. Works on mathematical science are greatly appreciated, much more so, I should say, than would be the case in a similar library with us. But the French mind is eminently a reasoning one. As M. Foullée, the first living French philosopher, writes: "We reason more than we imagine, and what we best imagine is not the outer, but the inner world of thought." This mental characteristic doubtless accounts for the deep-seated, widespread rationalism in France. Certainly it explains the popularity of exact science among all classes. Both libraries contain the national classics, that of the officers having a larger proportion of mathematical and philosophic works, among these, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer. I also noticed that the supply

of fiction was on a less limited scale. Guy de Maupassant, Annunzio, and followers of the same school figuring here had not found their way into the men's collection. I think our cicerone divined my conclusion, for he observed with a smile, "As you see, we are less select here as to novels than when choosing for the men; we try to give them only the best."

"I suppose you officers consider yourselves impervious to evil influences?" I could not help saying—a good-natured sarcasm, as good-naturedly received.

We were then shown over the barracks, our first visit being paid the kitchen.

Cooks and conscripts were preparing dinner, a stew of pork and vegetables. The soldier, no matter his social rank, must turn his hand to anything. Thus a young Rémois of good family told us afterwards how awkward he had found himself at potato-peeling.

"I don't think I shall be set that task again," he added laughingly. "By the time I had got off the peel there was hardly anything of my potato left."

We next visited the stores, room after room piled from floor to ceiling with soldiers' clothes and accoutrements, the wherewithal to equip thousands of men for the field in a few hours. These reserves smell strongly of naphthaline and other substances used as a preservative

against moths. Every twenty years the entire stock is renewed.

When we consider the dormant capital represented by such supplies we can understand the economies of the French War Office, the fines imposed upon a conscript for loss of a button or grease-stain upon tunic. Painful too, the contrast suggested by store-rooms and library—in the first, preparations for another and yet more fearful conflict than that witnessed a generation ago; in the second, brought to bear upon a national army, the humanising influences of Scott and Dickens.

Complete sets of Scott's novels, I should add, are in both libraries, also in the third, presented by Mr. Holden to Reims, that annexed to the suburban reading-room mentioned above.

The last I visited in company of the founder, no scruples here standing in the way of a visit. French towns are generally provided with good libraries, but artisans no more than soldiers can fully take advantage of these, they want books ready to hand.

Mr. Holden's building stands in a remote and populous suburb, and being open during the evening is of the greatest possible use to working people. The library contains the best French classics in well-bound sets, also complete sets of Walter Scott, Dickens, Fenimore Cooper, and other great English novelists.

I must now describe the catalogue of the garrison

libraries before-mentioned. Never was executed a more consummate piece of calligraphy. Never did human hand more entirely attain the precision and symmetry of copper-plate. This exquisite volume recalls cloistered scribes and their handiwork, the marvellous penmanship now admired under glass cases in museum and national library. And unkind as seems the suggestion, surely Mr. Holden would incur universal gratitude by presenting it to the municipal museum!

Before taking leave of our countryman, I must quote one carelessly dropped saying that throws no end of light on his splendid commercial career.

"I have never spent anything upon myself," he once said when dwelling on past experiences. Here we have the keynote to his character, at the same time of his never-failing yet unenvied success. The hand, so super-royally generous when held out to others, has ever been close shut to the voice noisiest with most of us. Another point in an industrial biography sure to be written for our grandchildren, is Mr. Holden's attachment to France, and the high position won for him in his adopted country.

On the close of the late war, the Government offered the city of Reims a decoration for such citizen as might be held worthiest of the honour. The proffered Legion of Honour was unanimously voted for Jonathan Holden, subject of Queen Victoria—an award speaking as much

for the adjudgers as the recipient. A Wesleyan, his orthodoxy softened by cosmopolitan influences, Mr. Holden has escaped all friction with his clerical and Ultramontane surroundings.

The late venerable Archbishop of Reims entertained friendliest feeling for his Nonconformist parishioner, and there is a pretty story anent the pair.

One Sunday afternoon it seems his Eminence called at Mr. Holden's town residence, his object being a delicate act of sociability.

"Monseigneur," said the old manservant, a Frenchman, who for twenty and odd years had enjoyed his master's confidence, "Monsieur Holden receives no visitors on Sundays."

A few days later, the great manufacturer visited the Archbishop to tender a polite explanation and express deep regret for the incident, as a visit from his Eminence was in perfect keeping with the sanctity of the Sabbath.

"Monsieur Holden," said the good old priest clasping his hand, "you have taught me a lesson that I shall remember till my dying day."

The present Cardinal Archbishop, as a proof of his large-heartedness, sent his benediction to Mr. Holden's daughter on the occasion of her marriage. He never fails in his benign sentiments towards his family.

But another lesson was set for all who cared to learn.

Although Mr. Holden's horses and carriages are never under any circumstances taken out for family use on the Sabbath day, exceptions are made in favour of his Catholic household. Thus during the long vacation a year or two ago, one of the outdoor servants was going to have his first-born christened at Reims, an hour's drive from his master's summer residence. Immediately a vehicle and horses were placed at the man's disposal.

Whilst on the subject of horses, let me mention a curious fact. Since the war of 1870—71, nobody can be really called the possessor of a horse in France. Whether French born and bred, or a foreigner, his stables belong to the War department. Every year an account is rendered of the number and quality of horses kept by any individual, either for business or pleasure, and if a war were to break out to-morrow, neither by money or favour could equine pets or servants escape requisition.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. HAMERTON AT AUTUN.

The Pré Charmoy.—A brave life.—Ideals.—International relations.—Gibbon and Mr. Hamerton.—Last words.

To my thinking Mr. Hamerton's home at Autun always preached a moral. Never was more strikingly illustrated the gulf separating romance and matter-of-fact, day-dreams and ideals, hum-drum and attainment.

Most of us, alas! are obliged to regard a house from the purely utilitarian standpoint, and most of us are limited as to area. Thrice happy those who, knowing how to choose, have before them all the world an outspread map, on which to lay the finger!

But here was an apostle of beauty if any existed, housed prosily as retired shopkeeper or small functionary, and only so housed after long and loving search! When in 1881 Mr. Hamerton called upon me at Autun, the man more than vindicated the author. Here was no disillusion. But as next day I visited the Pré Charmoy I certainly felt a trifle taken aback. The house would hold a good-sized family, it possessed an acre of paddock and garden, it was within half-an-hour's walk of

the town; so much could be said for the place and no more. Needless to say that if it lacked seductiveness, in equal degree was it free from vulgarity. Such a home might well satisfy most folks, that it should satisfy Mr. Hamerton seemed an enigma.

The discrepancy too between one's preconceived idea and actuality, the ideal of an æsthete and the Pré Charmoy, brought home a moral. Must it not ever be so? Does not the dreamed-of ever remain the unattainable? Here and there one of us knows how and where to seek. But the finding, the divining-rod, the capture, therein lies the miracle!

Many years after, the enigma was solved. In the touching memoir of her husband—a memoir, perhaps too long except for those who knew and loved its subject—Mrs. Hamerton lets us into the secret of a singularly beautiful and self-forgetting life.

"Nothing daunted by this fearful blow" (the sudden death of his father-in-law, 1861), she writes, "my husband at once offered his mother-in-law a pension sufficient to enable her children to carry on their education; this pension would gradually be diminished as the children became able to earn money for themselves and to take their share in the maintenance of their mother. The fact was that from that time he had two families to keep."

Trifling were such burdens to the caterers of popular

fiction, the fortunate—or unfortunate few turning off half-a-dozen serials a year, payment so much per thousand words! Never was the dignity of literature more respected than by the author of "The Intellectual Life." Seeing on what flimsy stuff and garbage reading folks feed nowadays, the wonder is that he found, or rather created, a public at all. With all writers who have a genuine message for the world, Mr. Hamerton had to create his public. Well might George Henry Lewes write to him regarding "Modern Frenchmen"—"The book has charmed us both, but I fear you will find the deaf adder of a public deafer than usual to your charming."

The simple, nay, homely life of a French village satisfied its author. Not for highest earthly good would he have palmed off literary pinchbeck on the credulous, forfeited his intellectual birthright for a mess of pottage.

From one point of view the very homeliness of the neighbourhood attracted; spell-bound to France by a marriage perfect in all respects but the material, having adopted French modes of life and given his children a strictly French education, he yet retained and jealously retained his own nationality.

"One reason why I settled here," he said to me in one of our long walks, "is the perpetual suggestion of English scenery around me, the level cornfields,

the winding lanes with high hedges, the scattered farmsteads."

At this point likeness ended. Where in England could we find an exact counterpart to this picture, the view of Autun as seen when returning from the Pré Charmoy by road? I here beg permission to quote from myself, so true it is, as John Morley somewhere says, that if we say a thing twice over, we never say it in precisely the same way—"Looking straight before him, the traveller beheld a city so dainty of outline, having a background so gracious and beautiful that at first sight the whole seemed made to look at, nothing more. Never had artist on canvas arranged ideal landscape and dream-city more harmoniously. The first object on which the eye rested was an exquisitely proportioned cathedral, built of greystone, and having one conspicuous lovely spire. Around it lay the town, the houses not here piled pell-mell as if folks had indecorously quarrelled for best place, rather as if, subdued by the beauty around, each early builder had raised his modest pile at a considerable distance from the church, fraternally leaving the choicest sites for others. Above city and spire rose the pleasant hills, mountains they are called in these parts, the name matters little. Nature has had it her own way, every outline being precisely what it was when the foundations of the city were laid. One fair hill rises gently above another, till the whole

makes just as much of a picture as the frame will hold, and with it in entire keeping." *

Then Mr. Hamerton had ever before his eyes the grand outline of Mount Beuvray, so delightfully described by him in "The Mount," (Seeley; 1897), he was also within easy reach of his beloved Saône. And the very homeliness around, the freedom from restraint, charmed. Anything in the shape of display, ostentation, social routine, repelled, nay, disgusted him.

"A literary man," he once said to me, "ought to be well satisfied with earning five hundred a year."

Put differently these words afford the key-note to Mr. Hamerton's character. He might just as well have said, "Five hundred a year ought to satisfy the worldly needs of any intellectual being," for this was evidently his meaning.

Simple in the extreme was family life at the Pré Charmoy. Between eight o'clock breakfast and midday *déjeuner,* Mrs. Hamerton and her young daughter would help their maid or maids, peasant-girls from the Morvan here trained for domestic service. With his own hands the master groomed a favourite old pony he had not the heart to part with. His sons learned manual arts, above all, habits of self-help and independence.

This clinging to simplicity and unswerving adherence to a certain standard, made intercourse with him so

* "Half-way," a Romance.

salutary. The prolonged *tête-à-tête* in the pleasant book-room of Pré Charmoy little resembled usual colloguing of author and author. We talked less of books than of life, touching on gravest topics, most often on the relation of an individual to his intellectual, moral, and social medium. What struck me first about Mr. Hamerton was his transparent sincerity, next his uncompromising straightforwardness. He could not understand men and women affecting or concealing opinions from worldly motives. Living as he did in a Catholic and orthodox neighbourhood, folks seeing what he was, did not care to inquire what he believed.* His attitude was of respectful aloofness from churches and creeds. Yet no Englishman in France was ever more universally respected. Disagreeable incidents would occasionally happen as Mrs. Hamerton tells us in her memoirs. I do not know whether the following incident referred to these** or to later years.

"I was once greatly touched by the conduct of a French Catholic lady," said my host, as one day we strolled along the Autun road together. "Something unpleasant had got abroad about myself. To show that she entirely disbelieved anything against my character,

* That intolerable feminine prig, Rousseau's Julie, thus speaks of her husband.

** See "Memoirs," pp. 465, 466. The affectionate minutiæ of these memoirs, perhaps fatal to the book from a commercial point of view, are invaluable to Mr. Hamerton's personal friends.

she quitted the ranks of a religious procession in the open street to shake hands with me. I felt such delicacy deeply."

The only test of literature is duration, and Mr. Hamerton's place in English letters must be decided by other generations. In our own time perhaps his value as an Anglo-Frenchman, an intermediary between social and literary France and England, is higher than that of the art-critic and essayist. A man so unbiassed in his judgment, so free from national defects and prejudices, so dignified and blameless in every relation of life, formed a perpetual object-lesson, an argument on behalf of his nationality, none could refute. If there was one thing that lay nearest to his brave yet tender heart, it was the strengthening of French and English ties. Years ago in a letter to myself he broached the scheme of an Anglo-French Association, formed for these ends, realised, alas! too late for his co-operation in the now flourishing *Entente Cordiale*.

How far in his case did expatriation answer? With regard to "the long conversation," as he somewhere describes marriage, we know that the answer is, yes. The essayist and art-critic maybe could not so categorically reply.

Looked at from whatever point we will, the matter is clear. An author should live among the people whose language he writes. In his invaluable work on English

prose, Mr. Earle alludes to a characteristic of both Gibbon and Hamerton, namely, the scholarly rather than idiomatic language they used, and he naturally attributes this fact to foreign influences. Mr. Hamerton's style is excellent, and seeing under what conditions he lived, the hold he retained upon native speech was a standing marvel to me.

"I think as often in French as in English, indeed I pass from one to the other unconsciously," he once said.

But to think in one language and write in another is really to translate, and thus Mr. Hamerton had such a task before him, whenever he put pen to paper, literary effort one would surmise being thereby doubled.

In common parlance the gradual loss of idiom became noticeable. Thus, when out for a walk one day, his dog was set upon by another, and he separated them with a free use of his umbrella.

"I should not have interfered," he remarked when rejoining us, "but I saw that the strange dog was getting the superiority."

Here a distinctly French idiom was substituted for the English. On the whole readers have little reason to regret a classicism rare enough in these slipshod days. Transparence and correctness more than compensate for the easy graces of idiom.

But when all is said, nothing that Philip Gilbert

Hamerton bequeathed to the world was so beautiful as his life. An immense pity for the helpless was here allied with moral and physical courage, rare even in his race.

A few weeks before his death, as we were walking along the Rue de Rivoli together, he denounced the horrors of vivisection in bitterest terms; and of a piece with his literary career and personal history were the last words of that graceful and conscientious pen, an aspiration after humaner worlds, a day-dream of justice and mercy.

As we read the lines with which Mrs. Hamerton closes her biography we understand a sentence before quoted, namely, that an author ought to be satisfied with earning five hundred a year. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's ideals lay in another direction.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN AFTERNOON WITH ROSA BONHEUR.

"Exceptionnellement."—Recognitions.—An unfinished masterpiece. —Compliments.—The pet lioness.

How may a little thing reveal magnanimous natures! The following story corresponds with all we know of a great woman's character.

It was not without diffidence that last September I accepted an introduction to Rosa Bonheur. The writer was an English friend long lost sight of, indeed the pair had not seen each other for forty and odd years. Almost by return of post came the following autograph letter—

By, *Sep*. 9, 1898.

"Madame,

"Exceptionnellement j'aurai l'honneur de vous recevoir après-demain, Dimanche à 3 heures de l'après-midi. Je vous prie d'agréer, Madame, mes sentiments les plus distingués,

R. Bonheur.

*"Mes meilleurs souvenirs pour Miss Blackwell, je vous prie, Madame; il est bien entendu que j'aurai l'honneur de vous voir accompagnée de vos amis."**

Before describing this interview, perhaps the very last accorded a stranger, let me bear out my opening reflection.

A few weeks after that pleasant stay at Moret-sur-Loing, I was speaking of it to a friend at Dijon, this friend being a French lady of title and position, a most gracious personage to boot.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you were fortunate indeed to obtain an interview with Rosa Bonheur. When at Fontainebleau two or three years ago, I aspired after a similar favour in vain. All my overtures were politely declined."

Thus the great painter, at whose doors fashion and even royalty had knocked in vain, had no welcome warm enough for a friend's friend!

Half-an-hour's drive brought us to the somewhat rococo château of By, with its walled-in courtyard and grounds.

An old woman-servant having first assured her-

* Translation.—"Making an exception to my rules, I shall have the honour of receiving you the day after to-morrow, Sunday, at three o'clock. With the expression of my distinguished sentiments, R. Bonheur. My best remembrances to Miss Blackwell; of course I shall have the honour of receiving your friends" (my host and hostess).

self that "Mademoiselle"—thus she styled her mistress —expected us, led the way to the big studio on the first floor. Here we were received by a very kind American lady, friend and companion of the artist, herself a portrait-painter of no small capacity.

"Mademoiselle Bonheur is very punctual; she will be here on the stroke of three," she said.

"The fact is," I explained, "we were so much afraid of being a minute too late that we are perhaps a few minutes too soon."

Impatient although we were, we could well have put up with a longer interval of waiting. The studio in itself was a sight, and sketches and photographs had been got out expressly for our enjoyment. Herein Rosa Bonheur showed the considerateness of very busy people. It is only dawdlers and triflers who never find time to think of anything! On one easel stood Miss K——'s portrait of her illustrious friend, ordered for Russia.

Here the artist is represented in a gown, not working-dress, the cardinal coloured silk well setting off her wonderful face and white hair.

Most pleasantly our deputy-hostess pointed to objects of interest, and chatted of Rosa Bonheur, her work, her daily routine, her relations—several of these distinguished in painting and sculpture.

Soon the door opened, and there entered the strangest, most striking figure, I had ever seen. Voltaire himself

at the same period of life could not have been stranger, more striking. It was of Voltaire's portraits and busts I thought as I gazed at that old-young, intensely intellectual, intensely vivacious physiognomy. It was a face that recalled also well-known likenesses of Michelet and Thiers. Thoroughly French were both features and play of expression, the brilliant eyes exuberant with life and feeling, immense power and determination evidenced by the mouth. Remarkable in no less degree were her hands, the delicate taper fingers and filbert nails characteristic of Frenchwomen here combined with great muscular strength. She wore her usual working-dress, the man's dress perhaps taking something from her stature; on the breast of her black alpaca blouse, or rather short coat, she wore the rosette of the Legion of Honour, the ribbon of chevalier being replaced by the insignia of officer during M. Carnot's Presidency. Absorbing as had been the studio a minute before, how did the artist's presence embody and vivify! It was as the first touch of some great musician on his own instrument. And simple with the inherent simplicity of sovereign natures, Rosa Bonheur could yet appreciate and enjoy a certain kind of praise or rather understanding. One of her visitors was an artist,* and she

* Mr. H. E. Detmold, whose animal and figure subjects have appeared on the walls of the Academy, the Salon, and elsewhere for many years.

could see that all three recognised the atmosphere they breathed.

"Ah!" she said to me, after a hearty handshake and cordial word to each, "I am glad to have news of Miss Blackwell; it is forty-five years since we last met, but I remember her well. I will write to her."

Unaffectedly cordial, gay, and animating, she at once entered into the spirit of our visit, first letting us see sketches for the great "Horse Fair."

"There you have a Boulonnais!" I observed as we contemplated the study of a fine black cart-horse, the breed thus called having become familiar to me during my agricultural rounds in Picardy.

This remark gratified her.

"I am glad to find a stranger so much interested in our cart-horses," she said, my companions' rejoinder by dumbshow evidently pleasing her still more; the artist, now with his hands imitated the prancing of a horse, thus showing how well he remembered the exact position of the Boulonnais in the "Horse Fair."

We next turned to studies for the no less famous "Labourage dans le Nivernais."

"The beautiful white oxen of the Morvan," I cried, "how well I know them!" This remark also pleased. What topic indeed could have been more congenial to Rosa Bonheur than that of the animal world in France? And if in search of subjects for her canvas she had

gone far and wide, hardly less lovingly and laboriously had her English visitor studied their owners.

Then she kindly interested herself in my companions, questioned her fellow-artist as to his facilities at Moret, and chatted in friendliest fashion with her young countrywoman, his wife. All this while we were longing to look at an enormous picture as yet unfinished —unfinished, alas! I presume, to remain.

Divining our wishes Rosa Bonheur soon turned to this canvas.

"Have you ever seen such an incident in your French travels," she asked me, "the primitive method of threshing corn by horses?"

Yes, I had once come upon the Biblical scene in the Department of the Aveyron, and not so many years before. This interested her.

"But the custom is fast dying out everywhere," she replied, with a touch of regret.

Farming in France and elsewhere is indeed fast losing all poetry. Just as future generations must refer to Bret Harte for the life and language of the Sierras, so will old-world French husbandry survive only on canvases of a Bonheur or a Millet.

Here the great artist had found a subject calling forth all her powers.

Seated on his high stool a peasant drives six sturdy spirited horses, their swift gyrations filling the air with

chaff, making us feel as if dust were blown into our eyes, the entire group full of life and movement. Not indeed in the "Horse Fair" was motion more powerfully expressed. Whether in the delineation of these superb cart-horses, the hand and eye of seventy-seven had lost the cunning of a generation before, art-critics must decide.

Were it so, indeed, the grandiose scheme fitly closes a grandiose career.

But we dared not farther trespass on time so golden. Already the best part of an hour had slipped by; with reiterated thanks we prepared to take leave. Despite our remonstrances, it was Rosa Bonheur herself who accompanied us downstairs, tripping along with the activity of a girl. Here an amusing little interchange of compliments took place.

"I ought to apologise for receiving visitors in working-dress," said the great artist, pointing as she spoke to her masculine dress.

"Madame," said my friend the painter, in French, "it is not the frame that interests us, but the picture."*

"Very happily expressed," replied our hostess, smiling.

Then nodding final adieu, the unforgetable figure disappeared, within a few months to quit her beloved

* "Madame, ce n'est pas le cadre qui nous interesse, mais le tableau."

Rosa Bonheur's answer ran thus—"Très bien dit."

atelier and her animals for ever. On the 26th of last May loungers in the Avenue de l'Opéra beheld her portrait veiled with crape, the windows of Tedesco Frères thus rendering honour to their most eminent exhibitor. Here Rosa Bonheur's pictures were often shown before being despatched to foreign galleries.

I cannot refrain from quoting one of the great woman's sayings quoted by a French biographer—*

"Who is the fool whose recent ennunciation in some journal or other, to wit, that women have no imagination, made me laugh so heartily? Amusing, forsooth, such critics, who, never having achieved anything themselves, are so ready with their criticisms of others. I could repay them in kind were it worth while!"

Her leisure was spent to better purpose. Artistic biography shows no more dignified figure than the little white-haired lady of By, the delineator of animal life, the unrivalled interpreter of animal character. For not only did Rosa Bonheur live to draw animals, but to know and love them. What a light is shed upon her own character by this utterance? "I believe in a just God, and a Paradise of the just. But religion does** not altogether satisfy me. I hold it monstrous that

* See "La Revue des Revues," June 15, 1899. R. Bonheur par V. Demont-Breton.

** *I.e.* the religion of Rome; and we know the excuse for cruelty to animals in Catholic countries, "Ils ne sont pas Chrétiens!"

animals are supposed to be without souls. My poor lioness loved me. Thus she had more soul than certain human beings who do not know what it is to love anything."

A touching account of this lioness is given in the periodical just named. Some years before, Rosa Bonheur had taken it into her head to rear two lion cubs, male and female. The first died young of spinal paralysis; the second lived long enough to attach herself to her mistress. In time she also declined, falling a victim to the same disease. "I nursed her," narrated the artist, "as if she had been a human being, visiting her constantly during the day, doing my best to console her. One day I found her so weak, that when returning to my studio upstairs, I said to a friend, 'My poor lioness can hardly move. She is dying.' A few minutes later I heard soft velvety steps in the entrance-hall below. It was my dying lioness making a last effort to see me once more. Feeling that her end was at hand, hearing my voice, she was trying to drag herself upstairs after me. I ran down, took her in my arms, gently caressing her to the last."

With this exquisite story may well close my all too short memorials of a great woman. As has been well said, "At By Rosa Bonheur lived, at By she died, the admiration of the world."

CHAPTER XXVI.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

The music of Rousseau.—Walter Scott's journals.—An author on himself.—M. Paul Sabatier and his Saint.—Madame de Staël.

FOR several years a long talk with the author of "Ladislas Bolski" was one of my annual privileges in Paris. The Academician would generally call at my hotel on Thursdays after a sitting of the Academy; taking off his great-coat, and settling himself comfortably on a sofa, he would then talk delightfully of books, old and new. No other subjects as a rule came to the fore. We ignored alike religion, politics, science, and social economy.

It was in the autumn of 1894 that M. Cherbuliez paid me his first visit. He was then in his sixty-fourth year, but looked somewhat older. The fine head was well set on his shoulders, and the grand air of the Academician heightened an imposing presence. The face itself was what readers would expect, mental alertness and the faculty of observation being conspicuous, mingled with these a betrayal of tempered sarcasm. *Malicieusement spirituel,* gently ironic, thus aptly was

described one of his criticisms in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Gently ironic too was his conversation.

Well versed in our language and literature, my visitor yet preferred French speech.

A volume of Rousseau lay on my table and immediately caught his eye.

"Ah! There we have music indeed!" he said, smiling. Then from Jean-Jacques' consummate style he turned to letters on this side of La Manche. It was a melancholy coming-down.

"Through what a lamentable phase your lighter literature is now passing," he observed, alluding to the latest development of realistic and super-sensual fiction so-called, "and in the land of Walter Scott, too! I confess this retrogression astonishes me. But one work at least has lately appeared which is a noteworthy addition to your wealth, and forms, in my opinion, one of the most important literary acquisitions of our day. I allude of course to the two volumes of Scott's Journals and letters lately brought out."

The English public has not apparently been of this opinion. Has so much as a second edition of this work appeared? What readers want is something new, something that is talked about.

As was only natural the two novelists veered round to the topic of the novel.

"Le roman, le roman (the romance, the romance).

Ah!" said my visitor. "What would existence be without it?"

"Many novel-readers could not do without 'Ladislas Bolski,' that is quite certain," I rejoined. "The hair-dressing scene is unsurpassable. But now, M. Cherbuliez, may I ask a bold question, namely, which of your own novels do you prefer?"

"'Méta Holdenis,'" was the prompt reply.

This view is evidently not shared by the author's public. I note that whilst other works have reached the thirteenth edition, the author's favourite has shared nothing like the same amount of popular favour.

"Did it ever strike you," I asked, "that from your story of 'Samuel Brohl & Co.' several novelists, both English and French, have borrowed the leading idea, one or two, I could mention, with considerable success?"

I had in my mind the curious notion of duality, the man with the double self, so cleverly worked out by the late R. L. Stevenson in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"So I have been told," was the careless answer.

Soon after that first pleasant talk heavy affliction arrested M. Cherbuliez' pen. The loss of a beloved wife, ardent sympathiser in his literary labours, clouded a life eminently favoured of nature and of fortune. But

as every autumn came round he visited me in the Hôtel St. James, our chat always being of books and authors. Before departure he begged me to write down the names of new English works.

"Of memoirs, especially," he said. "I cannot have too many of these."

Fortunately of late years such works have abounded. Keats' "Letters to Fanny Brawne," Mr. Clement Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and her circle," the "Letters of Maria Holroyd," the "Jerningham Letters," were all duly put down. Next came the novelists' turn.

"Would novels, good novels, of English middle-class life interest you?" I asked, "stories of semi-genteel folks, city clerks, and others, who live in suburban London upon two or three hundred a year; pictures somewhat sordid and pessimistic, but psychological and drawn with power?"

"Immensely," was the reply.

"Then I will give you the names of one or two novels by George Gissing," I said, whereupon I recommended "Denzil Quarrier," and others.

I next mentioned Henry James, to whose works M. Cherbuliez was also a stranger. "Daisy Miller" I could safely recommend to a fastidious French reader. Here I paused. The elegantly written but interminable "Portrait of a Lady," I dared not venture to hint at, neither

subtlety of introspection nor graces of style ever excusing lengthiness (*les longueurs*) in French eyes.

As I have mentioned, we seldom touched upon politics or social questions. I well remember, however, his pained look when I talked of a recent visit among French friends in Prussianised Lorraine. He soon reverted to topics more genial, namely, the latest English novel or volume of memoirs. Of his French contemporaries he seldom spoke. I recollect one severe remark about Daudet; this was in the novelist's lifetime, and *à propos* of his published remarks and projected work on England.

"Quel manque de pudeur" (what a want of modesty), he said, "to spend a few weeks in a foreign country and then pass judgment upon it!"

I asked him why, with his knowledge and appreciation of our literature he had himself never visited our shores, adding that no French writer would receive warmer welcome.

"During my wife's lifetime," he replied, "we always of late wintered at Hyères, and had little opportunity of making other journeys—and now I am too old."

The last time we met I had just spent a day in the company of M. Paul Sabatier at Dijon. Everything I could say about the biographer of Saint Francis interested the Academician deeply. I described our drive

to the birthplace of St. Bernard at Fontaine, the old church in which we found a cat disporting itself, the way in which, having the cat in his arms, M. Sabatier quick as lightning fastened upon any noteworthy archæological point; lastly, I spoke of his life and experiences at Assissi; the extraordinary fascination of Italian character for him, albeit no foreigner could more clearly realise its inherent defects.

"And what a fascinating book, that biography of Saint Francis! You have of course read it?"

"I confess that I have not," I replied. "The work is exceedingly popular in England, but, to tell plain truth, mediæval saints have no sort of interest for me."

My visitor laughed.

"Not even the one who called the sparrows his brothers and sisters?"

"The fact is," I rejoined, "I am essentially of a practical turn. The French peasant and his pig, as you know, M. Cherbuliez,* interest me more than the lately discovered portrait of Joseph's Pharaoh."

"That is because you understand the French peasant so well, who better?" he said, a compliment I need hardly say, highly prized.

* M. Cherbuliez, under the pseudonym of G. Valbert, had written a long and appreciative notice of my "France of to-day."

That year too, I had just visited Danton's home at Arcis-sur-Aube, making the acquaintance of his great-nephew, and seeing a good deal of the place. All these particulars gave pleasure. Here I make bold to controvert an assertion of Mr. Hamerton's to the effect that Frenchmen are bad listeners (see the Autobiography). On the contrary I have ever found them the best listeners in the world. Alike gentle and simple, learned and uninstructed ever offer a ready ear to the holder forth. Such at least is my own experience.

From Danton and Arcis-sur-Aube we naturally passed to the subject of the Revolution and its historians.

"It is an interesting fact, a fact especially interesting to you as a woman," observed M. Cherbuliez, "that Louis Blanc owed his inspiration to Madame de Staël. He admits that it was her work on the Revolution that suggested his own."

In September 1898 I missed the usual visit; the Academician did not complain of ill-health, but I fancy that the visits to Paris from his country house on the Paris-Lyons line fatigued him. In the spring of this year I received a black-bordered announcement of his son's death. M. Cherbuliez never recovered from the blow, and died suddenly the first of July, an irreparable loss to letters and his friends.

Perhaps no English critic has better summed up this writer's gifts than Mr. Saintsbury. As Chambers' excellent Encyclopædia is not in everybody's hand, I quote a few lines—

"'Le Comte Kostia' was followed by a series of novels, which always clever and original, if sometimes mannered and over-inventive, have lifted Cherbuliez into the front rank of contemporary French writers of fiction. His style is brilliant and epigrammatic, his dialogue natural and lively, while he is readable from beginning to end. . . . Many of his earlier stories take the form of a narrative by the chief character, but these difficulties in developing a plot in such a method, which have been too great for many novelists, M. Cherbuliez has surmounted with consummate art."

This genial piece of criticism I had the pleasure of putting into M. Cherbuliez' hands. Nothing is more agreeable than thus handing on well-deserved praise.

The author of "Ladislas Bolski" was a Protestant, and of Swiss origin, the family numbering many eminent savants and men of letters. It is an insular notion that Frenchmen are too lazy or conceited to learn any language but their own. Master of English, German, Italian, and Spanish, "G. Valbert" would treat in the *Revue des deux Mondes,* now of "Arthur Young's

Autobiography," now of some new work published in Berlin, Rome, or Madrid. Sadly will these brilliant contributions be missed in a review not overdone with dash and sparkle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANGLO-FRENCH RELATIONS.

Retrospective.—Contradictions.—Anglophilia and the reverse.—Theological and political questions.—Hints for both sides.—The adopted countries of the future.

As I bring these memoirs to an end one unwelcome reflection forces itself on my mind.

In the early days of the third Republic, the first really representative government established in France, no overt antagonism marred English enjoyment of French hospitality. Reviewing the past twenty-five years, at least a third of which period has been spent on French soil and among French people, I am compelled to make a disagreeable admission. The stinging epigrams anent English hypocrisy, the vehement tirades against British aggressiveness, the wholesale condemnation of our political methods, more especially belong to the last two decades. I can honestly aver that during my twelve month's sojourn under a Breton roof, 1875-6, I never heard a single harsh or unfair criticism passed either upon my country or my country-men. Within recent years antipathy has at times overcome good manners.

An insular guest in a French house must now be prepared to hear England and everything English roundly abused. Not that the feeling is by any means universal, or that it interferes in the very least with solid friendships. But social intercourse generally is thereby marred, and a good understanding between the two nations seriously impeded.

Yet never in the history of the two countries did the two nations see so much of each other. Here at first sight lies the disconcerting point of the matter. The system of associated travel, cheapened locomotion, and other causes have enormously swelled the sum total of Anglo-French tourists. Did we not read the other day of several hundred French farmers visiting the Royal Agricultural Show at Maidstone? And lives that English curate, clerk, or shop-assistant to whom the Eiffel tower and the boulevards are now unfamiliar?

More important by far than the come and go of holiday-makers, is the give and take of authors, artists, savants, athletes, and others. Here is a sympathy, indeed, we may go so far as to say, a fraternal spirit wholly free from national prejudice. An English author fortunate enough to get his play produced in France receives an ovation. A scientific discoverer of the Sorbonne receives his first congratulatory telegram from London. A victorious team of English footballers is enthusiastically acclaimed in Paris. A French musical

conductor is awarded the palm at an English musical festival. International courtesies, congresses, and contests are the order of the day. Before these pages appear the French and British Associations of Science, meeting respectively at Dover and Boulogne, will have interchanged visits. And the forthcoming Exhibition will doubtless be the occasion of Anglo-French amenities without number and on a tremendous scale.

Meanwhile literature has been turned to good uses. Mr. Hamerton's works, and I may perhaps be permitted to add, those of his friend and countrywoman, have done something to make English folks understand our near neighbours.

The genial Max O'Rell has performed a similar service for his own people, not idealising John Bull and his island certainly, but at least softening rugosities, making both almost amiable in French eyes.

Within recent years an Anglo-French literature has sprung up on the other side of the Channel. The best book as yet written upon Wordsworth is the work of a professor at Lyons. Our educational systems have been learnedly investigated by M. Max Leclerc, our Colonies by M. Leroy Beaulieu, our Trades-Unions by M. de Rousiers. And lastly, we have the now famous panegyric of M. Edmond Demolius, the moral of his volume*

* "À quoi tient la superiorité des Anglo-Saxons." Paris, Firmin-Didot.

being an outspoken—"We must in some respects imitate our Anglo-Saxon neighbours or go to the wall!"

Less conspicuous but quite as important is the re-writing of history, especially for the young. The part played by England in French annals is now treated judiciously and not with the aim of inflaming national animosities.* Michelet and Thiers are corrected by writers less brilliant but more trustworthy. Children in the national schools now learn that the wars waged by feudal barons against each other did much more harm to France than the English invasions, that it was a conclave of French bishops who burned Jeanne d'Arc, and many other facts hitherto falsified in the interests of patriotism. In spite of so many influences working for good, in spite of our appreciation and imitativeness, *i.e.* what is summed up under the name of Anglomania, anti-English feeling exists.

Insular customs are followed down to the minutest particular. The midday *déjeuner* has long been superceded in France by the one o'clock lunch. Even in the provinces silver racks of dry toast are now placed before the visitor. But however friendly the party an English guest will soon realise the truth of Thackeray's

* I need only mention "L'Histoire de la Civilisation Française," by M. Ramband, late Minister of Public Instruction, and "Histoire de France," by F. A. Aulard and A. Debidour, this last being for the use of primary schools.

axiom. English friends are understood and cherished, but England itself, how magnificently is she hated!

As briefly as possible I will explain this apparent contradiction. First and foremost we have the Ultramontane detestation* of a Protestant and democratic country, next, the political jealousy of our colonial expansion. Would we gauge the height, length, depth, and breadth of the former feeling we have only to take up a number of the *Univers*, the *Croix*, or any other Ultramontane organ. Here is a citation from a clerical monarchical paper of recent date—

"Let us recognise in England the perfidious, violent, implacable enemy of France. A cordial understanding with England would be the crowning stupidity!" This sort of thing, joined with the most outrageous abuse, is daily relished by society so-called, in other words, the fine ladies and gentlemen who recently comported themselves like besotted bullies and termagants at Longchamps. But, it will be urged, France was Ultramontane under the monarchy of July and the second empire? Yes, the fact is not to be controverted. We must remember, however, that hatred is born of fear. It is

* Detestation not confined to French Ultramontanes, English perverts to Rome are speedily denationalised, distrusting their own country for the same reason. I have heard an English pervert to Rome, an educated lady, criticise Queen Victoria in language more befitting a drunken fish-wife.

only under a Republic* that French Protestants could hope to have fair play. The result has been on the one hand, of immensely increased power and authority, on the other, of systematised hatred and jealousy, the last expression of which we have seen in the Dreyfus affair.** Even the *Revue des deux Mondes* has ostentatiously ranged itself on the side of religious and political intolerance, refusing non-Catholics the very name of Frenchmen! In terms equally shameless, clerical organs have openly clamoured for a second Revocation, in other words, a return to the St. Bartholomews and dragonades of former days. And with a moral retrogression more painful still, writers like M. Jules Lemaitre and the Comte de Vogüé have hoisted the San Benito, the former turning Protestantism into buffoonery for the Parisian stage, the second writing a novel in order to prove the demoralising influence of the Reformed religion! And every libel on the French Protestant and his faith is put to account against England. Thus M. de Mahy, that Anglophobe, *par excellence*, not long since asserted in the Chamber that

* The late Lord Shaftesbury (see his biographies) endeavoured to modify the attitude of Napoleon III. towards his Protestant subjects. His efforts were in vain.

** And in anti-Dreyfus literature, notably "Le Péril Protestant," par. E. Renauld, 11th edition. Paris. A book of ravings, the publication of which seems incredible at the close of the nineteenth century.

disaffection among the natives of Madagascar was fomented by English Methodist preachers in Auvergne. He was laughed down, but such balderdash finds credence elsewhere.

The animosity displayed by the Colonial party is simply a political question, however much it may be made to wear a domestic aspect. That France can work colonising miracles the history of Tunis tells us.* A den of robbers has been turned by French agencies into a highly civilised state and seductive winter resort. But colonial development implies a surplus population, and unless the rising generation takes M. Zola's latest work to heart, where is a surplus population to come from? I will here narrate an incident that came only two years ago under my own notice.

A French *chatelaine*, whose guest I was, visited her gamekeeper's wife in order to condole with her on the loss through marriage of a dearly-loved stepdaughter. The young woman, be it remarked, had married a schoolmaster living a few miles off, and the pair had just eight hundred pounds in money and land between them.

"Ah! my Jeanne, so dutiful, so affectionate to me always, my happiness is quite gone," cried the stepmother, weeping bitterly.

* See our own Consular Blue Books, 1898.

Naïvely enough her English visitor put in a word of consolation.

"But," I urged, "think of the future! You will become a grandmother; in course of time you will be surrounded by little faces."

The good woman lifted her hands aghast.

"God in heaven forbid!" she cried. "One child, yes, my husband and I would say nothing to one, but several!—that means poverty, anxieties, ruin. Heaven preserve us from a houseful of grandchildren!"

So long as this view of family life prevails in France, M. Demolins' schemes must remain a counsel of perfection. M. de Mahy and his followers may anathematise us in the Chamber, but French mothers and fathers have no grudge against Anglo-Saxon expansion. They rear their only son for themselves, to be a staff in old age, to hand down name, race, and family possessions. Seeing what empire building really means, alike to white men and their black dependants, perhaps they are right. But of what service to France are immense colonies on paper? "The French Congo, a colony on paper," lately wrote a correspondent of the *Temps.**

Ultramontanism is not likely to change its attitude towards a Protestant people; colonial questions are tolerably sure to embitter Anglo-French relations from time

* "Le Congo Belge," par. P. Mille. Paris. Colin, 1899.

to time. What prospect then have we of a really cordial understanding with our near neighbours? How can social intercourse be rendered independent of political imbroglios? Here we come to strictly personal considerations, indeed to individual action and arguments appealing to all.

If English hosts do not take the opportunity of mercilessly criticising France when filling their house with French guests, we certainly show little regard for foreign susceptibilities when abroad. That the British tourist should be even tolerated on the continent seems incredible. Here are two examples of insular misconduct that lately came under my own notice.

Three years ago I was present at high mass in the church of St. Roch, Paris. Next to me sat an Englishman, and immediately before us two ladies, apparently his sisters. My neighbour held an open Baedeker which he perused during service, from time to time leaning forward, begging his companions in a loud whisper to observe this object or that.

To my surprise the beadle passed him by. He ought of course to have been instantaneously and ignominiously expelled.

The second instance shows the English braggadocio even in a more odious light.

On October 10, 1898, I travelled from Paris to Boulogne by the 11·50 express. Between Amiens and

our destination the alarm-bell was pulled, and to the consternation of the passengers the train slowly came to a standstill.

Will it be believed that the thing was a practical joke, the work of a brainless and blackguardly young Englishman, anxious, I presume, to show that your true-born Briton is afraid of nothing, not even of stopping a beggarly French train!

The offender's name and address were taken, but his fellow-passengers had not the satisfaction of seeing him carried off to the station-house.

Such examples might be cited by the score. The great drawback of foreign travel is English vulgarity, a vulgarity not confined to one class. In the old play we read of the fashionable lady who had taught her daughter "the rudiments of virtue." Foreigners must suppose that Britannia has not even emulated this not too ambitious matron, and that instead her progeny has "growed" like the immortal Topsy, no birch being plied in the interest of good manners. This is all the more to be regretted, especially with regard to Anglo-French relations. In the deeply interesting work of a contemporary French philosopher,* occurs the following passage: "As civilisation advances and international relations increase, an adopted country will generally be

* A. Coste Colin. "Principes d'une Sociologie Objective," p. 224. Páris, 1899.

added to that of our birth, a country of which the language and literature, the arts and history, will be familiar to us, and with whose inhabitants we form alike commercial and social relations."

To how many of us is France already this adopted country! Let us then accept her freely offered "harbour and good company," with the modesty and thankfulness of Mr. Mnason's guests, not with a Falstaff's blustering—

"Shall I not take mine ease at mine Inn?"

THE END.

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Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claudius 1 v. — To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman Singer 1 v. — An American Politician 1 v. — Zoroaster 1 v. —A Tale of a Lonely Parish 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio's Crucifix 1 v.—Paul Patoff 2 v.—With the Immortals 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sant' Ilario 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch of Prague 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — Don Orsino 2 v. — The Children of the King 1 v. — Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Darche 1 v. — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — The Ralstons 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Adam Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisara 2 v. — A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — Corleone 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v.

S. R. Crockett.

The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kelly 2 v. — The Grey Man 2 v.

J. W. Cross, *vide* George Eliot's Life.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip, *vide* A. Thomas.

Miss Cummins (Am.), † 1866.

The Lamplighter 1 v. — Mabel Vaughan 1 v. — El Fureidîs 1 v. — Haunted Hearts 1 v.

Paul Cushing.

The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."

War Correspondence, 1877, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

Author of "Dark."

Dark 1 v.

Richard Harding Davis (Am.).

Gallegher, etc. 1 v. — Van Bibber and Others 1 v.

Daniel De Foe, † 1731.

Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

Margaret Deland (Am.).

John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

Author of "Democracy" (Am.).

Democracy 1 v.

Author of "Demos," *vide* George Gissing.

Author of "Diary and Notes," *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."

Charles Dickens, † 1870.

The Pickwick Club (with Portrait) 2 v. — American Notes 1 v. — Oliver Twist 1 v. — Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. — Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. — A Christmas Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 3 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. — Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of England (2 v. 8° M. 2,70.) — Hard Times 1 v. — Little Dorrit 4 v. — The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man 1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. — Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend 4 v. — Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. — The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Portrait) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers, 1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, edited by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 4 v. — *Vide* also F—

hold Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.

Charles Dickens & Wilkie Collins.

No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Hollingford 1 v.

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, † 1881.

Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. — Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. — Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.

Ella Hepworth Dixon.

The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v.

W. Hepworth Dixon, † 1879.

Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. — Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest 2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

L. Dougall (Am.).

Beggars All 2 v.

Ménie Muriel Dowie.

A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

A. Conan Doyle.

The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke 2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales 1 v. — The White Company 2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. — The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp 1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. — The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. — Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. — The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A Duet 1 v.

Professor Henry Drummond, † 1897.

The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

Dunton, *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.

The Earl and the Doctor.

South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

The Earl of Dufferin.

Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Edward B. Eastwick, † 1883.

Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.

Maria Edgeworth, *vide* Series for the Young, p. 29.

Mrs. Annie Edwardes.

Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ballroom Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v. The Adventuress 1 v.

Amelia B. Edwards, † 1892.

Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Million of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. — Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets 1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. — A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. — Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

M. Betham-Edwards, *v.* Betham.

Edward Eggleston (Am.).

The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Barbara Elbon (Am.).

Bethesda 2 v.

George Eliot (Miss Evans — Mrs. Cross), † 1880.

Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. — Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. — Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. — Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book 1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.

Mrs. Frances Elliot, † 1898.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. — Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. — The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. — Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman Gossip 1 v.

Henry Erroll.

An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

E. Rentoul Esler.
The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

The Authors of "Essays and Reviews."
Essays and Reviews. By various Authors 1 v.

Author of "Estelle Russell."
Estelle Russell 2 v.

Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.
Three Sisters 1 v.— A Laughing Philosopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland 1 v. — Orchardscroft 1 v. — Appassionata 1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The Queen's Serf 1 v.

Author of "Euthanasia."
Euthanasia 1 v.

Juliana Horatia Ewing, † 1885.
Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life; Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies, and other Tales 1 v.

Author of "Expiated."
Expiated 2 v.

F. J. Fargus, *vide* Hugh Conway.

F. W. (Dean) Farrar.
Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

Authors of "The Fate of Fenella."
The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Percy Fendall, *vide* F. C. Philips.

George Manville Fenn.
The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Henry Fielding, † 1754.
Tom Jones 2 v.

Five Centuries
of the English Language and Literature: John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. — Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. — Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John Locke.—Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published 1860) 1 v.

George Fleming (Am.).
Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Archibald Forbes.
My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

R. E. Forrest.
Eight Days 2 v.

Mrs. Forrester.
Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — Roy and Viola 2 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. — Omnia Vanitas 1 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande, and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. — Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest 2 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. — Too Late Repented 1 v.

John Forster, † 1876.
The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Jessie Fothergill.
The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. — Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. — Kith and Kin 2 v. — Peril 2 v. — Borderland 2 v.

Author of "Found Dead," *vide* James Payn.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
A Double Thread 2 v.

Caroline Fox, † 1871.
Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

Author of "Frank Fairlegh" (F. E. Smedley), † 1864.
Frank Fairlegh 2 v.

M. E. Francis.
The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Harold Frederic (Am.), † 1898.
Illumination 2 v. — March Hares 1 v.

Edward A. Freeman, † 1892.
The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. — Select Historical Essays 1 v. — Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

James Anthony Froude, † 1894.
Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, † 1885.
Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor 2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood 2 v. — A Stormy Life 2 v. — Mrs. Gerald's

Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. — The Lilies of the Valley, and The House of Penarvan 1 v. — The Countess de Bonneval 1 v. — Rose Leblanc 1 v. — Seven Stories 1 v. — The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. — A Will and a Way, and The Handkerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — Laurentia 1 v.

Marguerite Gardiner, *vide* Lady Blessington.

Mrs. Gaskell, † 1865.

Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — North and South 1 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — A Dark Night's Work 1 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v. — Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

Author of "Geraldine Hawthorne," *vide* Author of "Miss Molly."

Dorothea Gerard (Madame de Longard).

Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — A Forgotten Sin 1 v. — One Year 1 v.

E. Gerard (Madame de Laszowska).

A Secret Mission 1 v. — A Foreigner 2 v.

Agnes Giberne.

The Curate's Home 1 v.

George Gissing.

Demos. A Story of English Socialism 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, † 1898.

Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — Bulgarian Horrors, and Russia in Turkistan, with other Tracts 1 v. — The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem, with other Tracts 1 v.

Hal Godfrey (Charlotte O'Conor-Eccles).

The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.

Oliver Goldsmith, † 1774.

Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Edward J. Goodman.

Too Curious 1 v.

Julien Gordon (Am.).

A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.

Major-Gen. C. G. Gordon, † 1885.

His Journals at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.

Mrs. Gore, † 1861.

Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dean's Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lessons 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Heckington 2 v.

Sarah Grand.

Our Manifold Nature 1 v.

Miss Grant.

Victor Lescar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — Cara Roma 2 v.

Maxwell Gray.

The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — The Reproach of Annesley 2 v.

E. C. Grenville: Murray ("Trois-Etoiles"), † 1881.

The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk *(First Series)* 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk *(Second Series)* 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.

Ethel St. Clair Grimwood.

My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.

W. A. Baillie Grohman.

Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.

Archibald Clavering Gunter (Am.).

Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.

F. Anstey Guthrie, *vide* Anstey.

Author of "Guy Livingstone" (George Alfred Lawrence), † 1876.

Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarene 2 v.

John Habberton (Am.).
Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.

H. Rider Haggard.
King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn 2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Therne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v.

H. Rider Haggard & Andrew Lang.
The World's Desire 2 v.

A. E. Hake, *vide* Gen. Gordon.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, † 1881.
Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, † 1894.
Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Miss Iza Hardy, *vide* Author of "Not Easily Jealous."

Thomas Hardy.
The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v.

Beatrice Harraden.
Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v.

Agnes Harrison.
Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Bret Harte (Am.).
Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts: — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. — Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend, and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. — Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs, and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client, and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The Devotion of Enriquez 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v.

Sir Henry Havelock, *vide* Rev. W. Brock.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (Am.). † 1864.
The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation 2 v. — Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne 2 v.

Mrs. Hector, *vide* Mrs. Alexander.

Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," *vide* Charlotte M. Yonge.

Sir Arthur Helps, † 1875.
Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, † 1835.
Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Maurice Hewlett.
The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v.

Robert Hichens.
Flames 2 v.

Admiral Hobart Pasha, † 1886.
Sketches from my Life 1 v.

John Oliver Hobbes.
The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Annie E. Holdsworth.
The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v.

Holme Lee, *vide* Harriet Parr.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (Am.), † 1894.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.

Anthony Hope (Hawkins).
Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. — The God in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Count Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v.

Tighe Hopkins.
An Idler in Old France 1 v.

Author of "Horace Templeton."
Diary and Notes 1 v.

Ernest William Hornung.
A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boss of Taroomba 1 v. — My Lord Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksman 1 v.

"Household Words."
Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — Novels and Tales reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Mrs. Houstoun, *vide* "Recommended to Mercy."

Author of "How to be Happy though Married."
How to be Happy though Married 1 v.

Blanche Willis Howard (Am.), † 1899.
One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. — The Open Door 2 v.

Blanche Willis Howard, † 1899, & William Sharp.
A Fellowe and His Wife 1 v.

William Dean Howells (Am.).
A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v.

Thomas Hughes, † 1898.
Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Mrs. Hungerford (Mrs. Argles), † 1897.
Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. — Loÿs, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Branksmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A Modern Circe 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine, and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Mrs. Hunt, *vide* Averil Beaumont.

Jean Ingelow, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

The Hon. Lady Inglis.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

John H. Ingram, *vide* E. A. Poe.

"Iota", *vide* Mrs. Mannington Caffyn.

Washington Irving (Am.), † 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H".) (Am.), † 1885.

Ramona 2 v.

W. W. Jacobs.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v.

Charles T. C. James.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

G. P. R. James, † 1860.

Morley Ernstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Heir 1 v. — Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg 1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

Henry James (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washington Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v.

J. Cordy Jeaffreson.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Mrs. Charles Jenkin, † 1885.

"Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Edward Jenkins.

Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

Author of "Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome K. Jerome.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v.

Douglas Jerrold, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," *vide* Mrs. Craik.

"Johnny Ludlow," *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Samuel Johnson, † 1784.

Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Emily Jolly.

Colonel Dacre 2 v.

Author of "Joshua Davidson," *vide* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Miss Julia Kavanagh, † 1877.

Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. — *Vide* also Series for the Young, p. 28.

Annie Keary, † 1879.

Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

D'Esterre-Keeling, *vide* Esterre.

Thomas a Kempis.

The Imitation of Christ. Translated from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Richard B. Kimball (Am.), †

Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New York 1 v.

Alexander William Kinglake, † 1891.

Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the Crimea 14 v.

Charles Kingsley, † 1875.

Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Two Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alton Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Henry Kingsley, † 1876.

Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffry Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. — Reginald Hetherege 2 v. — The Grange Garden 2 v.

Rudyard Kipling.

Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v.

May Laffan.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor, etc. 1 v.

Charles Lamb, † 1834.

The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v.

Mary Langdon (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers" (Miss Piddington).

The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Mme de Laszowska, *vide* E. Gerard.

The Hon. Emily Lawless.

Hurrish 1 v.

George Alfred Lawrence, *vide* Author of "Guy Livingstone."

"Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," *vide* Victoria R. I.

Holme Lee, *vide* Harriet Parr.

J. S. Le Fanu, † 1873.

Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Mark Lemon, † 1870.

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Author of "Mehalah," *vide* Baring-Gould.

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The Dramatic Works 1 v.

J. Henry Shorthouse.
John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche, Lady Falaise 1 v.

Rudolf C. Slatin Pasha, C.B.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan (with two Maps in Colours) 3 v.

F. E. Smedley, *vide* Author of "Frank Fairlegh."

Tobias Smollett, † 1771.
Roderick Random 1 v. — Humphry Clinker 1 v. — Peregrine Pickle 2 v.

Author of "Society in London."
Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.

E. Œ. Somerville & Martin Ross.
Naboth's Vineyard 1 v.

Author of "The Spanish Brothers."
The Spanish Brothers 2 v.

Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon), † 1875.
The History of England 7 v. — Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.

Laurence Sterne, † 1778.
Tristram Shandy 1 v. — A Sentimental Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.

Robert Louis Stevenson, † 1894.
Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. — Kidnapped 1 v. — The Black Arrow 1 v. — The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. — Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. — Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. — St. Ives 2 v.

Author of "Still Waters" (Mrs. Paul).
Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa 1 v.

M. C. Stirling, *vide* G. M. Craik.

Frank R. Stockton (Am.).
The House of Martha 1 v.

Author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul."

The Storyof a Penitent Soul 1 v.

Author of "The Story of Elizabeth," *vide* **Miss Thackeray.**

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (Am.), † 1896.

Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v.— A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred 2 v. — The Minister's Wooing 1 v. — Oldtown Folks 2 v.

Author of "Sunbeam Stories," *vide* **Mrs. Mackarness.**

Jonathan Swift (Dean Swift), † 1745.

Gulliver's Travels 1 v.

John Addington Symonds, † 1893.

Sketches in Italy 1 v. — New Italian Sketches 1 v.

S.G. Tallentyre, *v.* H. S. Merriman.

"Tasma."

Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.

Baroness Tautphoeus, † 1893.

Cyrilla 2 v. — The Initials 2 v. — Quits 2 v. — At Odds 2 v.

Col. Meadows Taylor, † 1876.

Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.

Templeton, *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."

Alfred (Lord) Tennyson, † 1892.

Poetical Works 8 v. — Queen Mary 1 v. — Harold 1 v. — Becket; The Cup; The Falcon 1 v. — Locksley Hall, sixty Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.

The New Testament, *vide* New.

William Makepeace Thackeray, † 1863.

Vanity Fair 3 v. — Pendennis 3 v. — Miscellanies 8 v. — Henry Esmond 2 v. — The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century 1 v. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The Virginians 4 v. — The Four Georges; Lovel the Widower 1 v. — The Adventures of Philip 2 v. — Denis Duval 1 v. — Roundabout Papers 2 v. — Catherine 1 v. — The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. — The Paris Sketch Book (with Portrait) 2 v.

Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie).

The Story of Elizabeth 1 v.—The Village on the Cliff 1 v. — Old Kensington 2 v. — Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. — Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. — Out of the World, and other Tales 1 v. — Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. — Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. — Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.

Thomas a Kempis, *vide* Kempis.

A. Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).

Denis Donne 2 v. — On Guard 2 v. — Walter Goring 2 v. — Played Out 2 v. — Called to Account 2 v. — Only Herself 2 v. — A Narrow Escape 2 v.

James Thomson, † 1748.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Author of "Toth."

Toth 1 v.

Author of "Tim."

Tim 1 v.

F. G. Trafford, *vide* Mrs. Riddell.

Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (with Portrait) 4 v. — Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v. — The American Revolution (with a Map) 2 v.

"Trois-Etoiles," *vide* Grenville: Murray.

Anthony Trollope, † 1882.

Doctor Thorne 2 v. — The Bertrams 2 v. — The Warden 1 v. — Barchester Towers 2 v. — Castle Richmond 2 v. — The West Indies 1 v. — Framley Parsonage 2 v. — North America 3 v. — Orley Farm 3 v. — Rachel Ray 2 v. — The Small House at Allington 3 v. — Can you forgive her? 3 v. — The Belton Estate 2 v. — Nina Balatka 1 v. — The Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v.—The Claverings 2 v. — Phineas Finn 3 v. — He knew he was right 3 v. — The Vicar of Bullhampton 2 v. — Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. — Ralph the Heir 2 v. — The Golden Lion of Granpere 1 v. — Australia and New Zealand 3 v. — Lady Anna 2 v. — Harry Heathcote of Gangoil 1 v. — The Way we live now 4 v. — The Prime Minister 4 v. —

The American Senator 3 v. — South Africa 2 v. — Is He Popenjoy? 3 v. — An Eye for an Eye 1 v. — John Caldigate 3 v. — Cousin Henry 1 v. — The Duke's Children 3 v. — Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. — Ayala's Angel 3 v. — The Fixed Period 1 v. — Marion Fay 2 v. — Kept in the Dark 1 v. — Frau Frohmann, and other Stories 1 v. — Alice Dugdale, and other Stories 1 v. — La Mère Bauche and other Stories 1 v. — The Mistletoe Bough, and other Stories 1 v. — An Autobiography 1 v. — An Old Man's Love 1 v.

T. Adolphus Trollope, † 1892.

The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v — A Siren 2 v.

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) (Am.).

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. — The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. — A Tramp Abroad 2 v. — "Roughing it" 1 v. — The Innocents at Home 1 v. — The Prince and the Pauper 2 v. — The Stolen White Elephant, etc. 1 v. — Life on the Mississippi 2 v. — Sketches (with Portrait) 1 v. — Huckleberry Finn 2 v. — Selections from American Humour 1 v. — A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur 2 v. — The American Claimant 1 v. — The £ 1 000 000 Bank-Note and other new Stories 1 v. — Tom Sawyer Abroad 1 v. — Pudd'nhead Wilson 1 v. — Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc 2 v. — Tom Sawyer, Detective, and other Tales 1 v. — More Tramps Abroad 2 v.

Author of "The Two Cosmos."

The two Cosmos 1 v.

Author of "Venus and Cupid."

Venus and Cupid 1 v.

Author of "Vèra."

Vèra 1 v. — The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean 1 v. — Blue Roses 2 v. — Within Sound of the Sea 2 v. — The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard 2 v. — Ninette 1 v.

Victoria R. I.

Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. — More Leaves, etc. from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

Author of "Virginia."

Virginia 1 v.

Ernest Alfred Vizetelly.

With Zola in England 1 v.

L. B. Walford.

Mr. Smith 2 v. — Pauline 2 v. — Cousins 2 v. — Troublesome Daughters 2 v.

D. Mackenzie Wallace.

Russia 3 v.

Lew. Wallace (Am.).

Ben-Hur 2 v.

Eliot Warburton, † 1852.

The Crescent and the Cross 2 v. — Darien 2 v.

Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Robert Elsmere 3 v. — David Grieve 3 v. — Miss Bretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v. Bessie Costrell 1 v. — Sir George Tressady 2 v. — Helbeck of Bannisdale 2 v.

Susan Warner, *vide* Wetherell.

Samuel Warren, † 1877.

Diary of a late Physician 2 v. — Ten Thousand a-Year 3 v. — Now and Then 1 v. — The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

Author of "The Waterdale Neighbours," *vide* Justin Mc Carthy.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Aylwin 2 v.

H. G. Wells.

The Stolen Bacillus, etc. 1 v. — The War of the Worlds 1 v. — The Invisible Man 1 v. — The Time Machine, and The Island of Doctor Moreau 1 v. — When the Sleeper Wakes 1 v.

Hugh Westbury.

Acte 2 v.

Elizabeth Wetherell (Susan Warner) (Am.), † 1885.

The wide, wide World 1 v. — Queechy 2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. — Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.

Stanley J. Weyman.

The House of the Wolf 1 v. — The Story of Francis Cludde 2 v. — A Gentleman of France 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. — Under the Red Robe 1 v. — My Lady Rotha 2 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minister of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v. — Shrewsbury 2 v. The Castle Inn 2 v.

Author of "A Whim, and its Consequences."

A Whim, and its Consequences 1 v.

Beatrice Whitby.

The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. — In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.

Walter White.

Holidays in Tyrol 1 v.

Richard Whiteing.

The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality 1 v. — No. 5 John Street 1 v.

Sidney Whitman.

Imperial Germany 1 v. — The Realm of the Habsburgs 1 v. — Teuton Studies 1 v. — Reminiscences of the King of Roumania, edited by Sidney Whitman 1 v.

George J. Whyte Melville, *vide* Melville.

Author of "Who Breaks—Pays," *vide* Mrs. Jenkin.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Am.).

Timothy's Quest 1 v. — A Cathedral Courtship, and Penelope's English Experiences 1 v.

Mary E. Wilkins (Am.).

Pembroke 1 v. — Madelon 1 v. — Jerome 2 v.—Silence, and other Stories 1 v.

C. J. Wills, *vide* F. C. Philips.

Mrs. J. S. Winter.

Regimental Legends 1 v.

Charles Wood, *vide* Author of "Buried Alone."

H. F. Wood.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard 1 v.

Mrs. Henry Wood (Johnny Ludlow), † 1887.

East Lynne 3 v. — The Channings 2 v. — Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles 2 v. — Verner's Pride 3 v. — The Shadow of Ashlydyat 3 v. — Trevlyn Hold 2 v. — Lord Oakburn's Daughters 2 v. — Oswald Cray 2 v. — Mildred Arkell 2 v. — St. Martin's Eve 2 v. — Elster's Folly 2 v. — Lady Adelaide's Oath 2 v.—Orville College 1 v.—A Life's Secret 1 v.—The Red Court Farm 2 v. — Anne Hereford 2 v. — Roland Yorke 2 v. — George Canterbury's Will 2 v. — Bessy Rane 2 v. — Dene Hollow 2 v. — The Foggy Night at Offord; Martyn Ware's Temptation; The Night-Walk over the Mill Stream 1 v. — Within the Maze 2 v.—The Master of Greylands 2 v.— Johnny Ludlow 2 v. — Told in the Twilight 2 v. — Adam Grainger 1 v. — Edina 2 v. — Pomeroy Abbey 2 v. — Court Netherleigh 2 v. — (The following by "Johnny Ludlow"): Lost in the Post, and other Tales 1 v. — A Tale of Sin, and other Tales 1 v. — Anne, and other Tales 1 v. — The Mystery of Jessy Page, and other Tales 1 v. — Helen Whitney's Wedding, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of Dorothy Grape, and other Tales 1 v.

Margaret L. Woods.

A Village Tragedy 1 v. — The Vagabonds 1 v.

William Wordsworth, † 1850.

Select Poetical Works 2 v.

Lascelles Wraxall, † 1865.

Wild Oats 1 v.

Edmund Yates, † 1894.

Land at Last 2 v. — Broken to Harness 2 v. — The Forlorn Hope 2 v. — Black Sheep 2 v. — The Rock Ahead 2 v. — Wrecked in Port 2 v. — Dr. Wainwright's Patient 2 v. — Nobody's Fortune 2 v. — Castaway 2 v. — A Waiting Race 2 v. — The yellow Flag 2 v. — The Impending Sword 2 v. — Two, by Tricks 1 v. — A silent Witness 2 v. — Recollections and Experiences 2 v.

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Author of "Young Mistley," *vide* Henry Seton Merriman.

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